MARCH 3, 1980 $1.25

TIME

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Superstar
Eric Heiden

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The Many Faces of Peter Sellers

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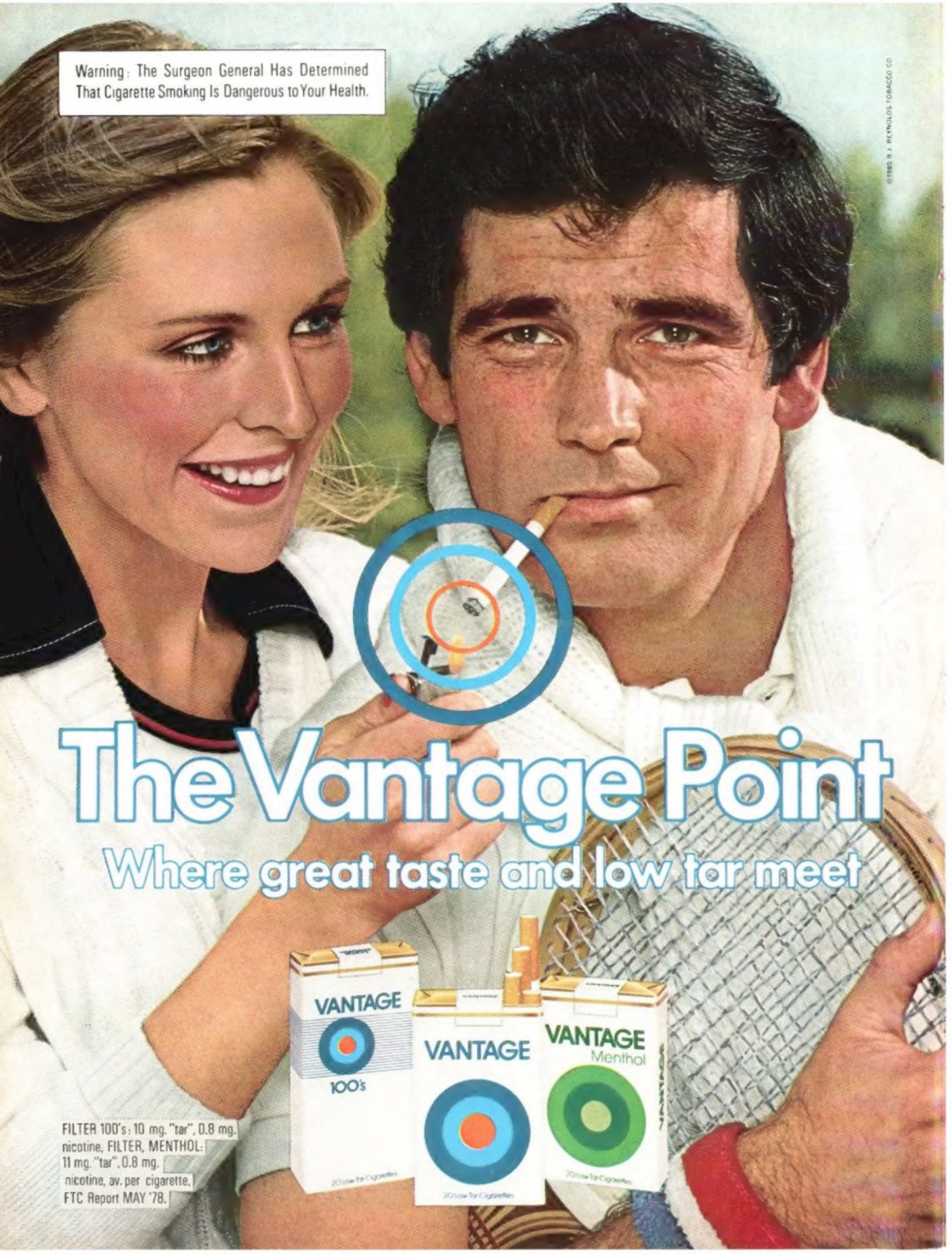
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MARCH 3, 1980 Vol. 115 No. 9 **TIME** THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

A Letter from the Publisher

Since 1963, when she first saw Peter Sellers in *I'm All Right, Jack*, Paris Correspondent Sandra Burton has been haunted by the actor's zany alter egos. "His portrayal of a stupidly arrogant British shop steward kept creeping into my college thesis on Britain's Angry Young Men," she recalls. "In 1974, when I was interviewing an M.I.T. disarmament expert for TIME, I couldn't help thinking of Sellers' Dr. Strangelove. And his Inspector Clouseau defined my first encounter with a French police detective." But when Burton interviewed Sellers in Paris for this week's cover story, written by Contributor Richard Schickel, she found her subject to be maddeningly elusive. "He doesn't like to talk about himself, and when he does, his manner of expression often does not translate into print. Generally, he is a reporter's nightmare."

Sellers answers questions with physical enactments and stand-up impressions, Burton found. "He thinks with his body and voice as well as his mind." When asked to explain the process by which he created the anonymous voice of Chance the gardener for the film *Being There*, the actor "began to transform himself into a computer," Burton says. "He pretended he was a machine reading a tape of several voices and rejecting one after another until the right voice registered." Over the course of the interviews, Sellers managed to imitate human voices as well, ranging from Lord Snowdon's uncle (who inspired the accent for Fu Manchu, his next role) to Movie Mogul Walter Mirisch, a favorite target in Sellers' sniping at Hollywood. While Burton was spared the savage imitations Sellers sometimes does of his interviewers, she admits, "I detected a sprinkling of my sloppy American filler phrases ('sort of' and 'stuff like that') when I went over his taped responses later."

BRUCE MC BROOM

Burton with Sellers in his Paris hotel suite

Sellers' chameleon-like transitions and ineffable gestures made him the most difficult star Burton has encountered in eleven years of interviewing celebrities, a list that includes Richard Burton, Diana Ross and John Travolta. Concludes Burton: "In terms of challenge, he ranks with three of my favorite TIME cover subjects: Anthropologist-Guru Carlos Castaneda, who wouldn't even be photographed; Cartoonist Garry Trudeau, who despises any form of media event; and Opera Maestro Sarah Caldwell, who, like Peter Sellers, is a master of elusive cooperation."

John a. Meyer

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Cover: Illustration by Julian Allen.

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Cover: Master of comedy, timing, wit and disguise, Peter Sellers is one of the screen's finest actors. He is also one of the most elusive, a man who prefers to wear a mask. Who is the real Peter Sellers? *See* SHOW BUSINESS.

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Martial law in Kabul, as strikes and civilian protests add to Soviet woes in Afghanistan. ▸ Vance travels to coordinate a Western response to the invasion. ▸ A stunning comeback for Canada's Pierre Trudeau. ▸ The gory election campaign in Zimbabwe Rhodesia. ▸ Israel opens a "house" in Egypt.

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Storm after storm sweeps across Southern California, killing at least 24 and causing $425 million in property damage.

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With the hit revival of *West Side Story*, Choreographer Jerome Robbins returns to Broadway in high-stepping triumph.

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It's the world's top medical journal, but some writers say it has an editorial policy that delays getting news to the public.

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In Paris, a revealing retrospective exhibit opens of the best, and worst, of that Showman-Surrealist, Salvador Dali.

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A surprise find of tiny diamonds in a remote Soviet forest may hold the solution to the mysterious Siberian explosion of 1908.

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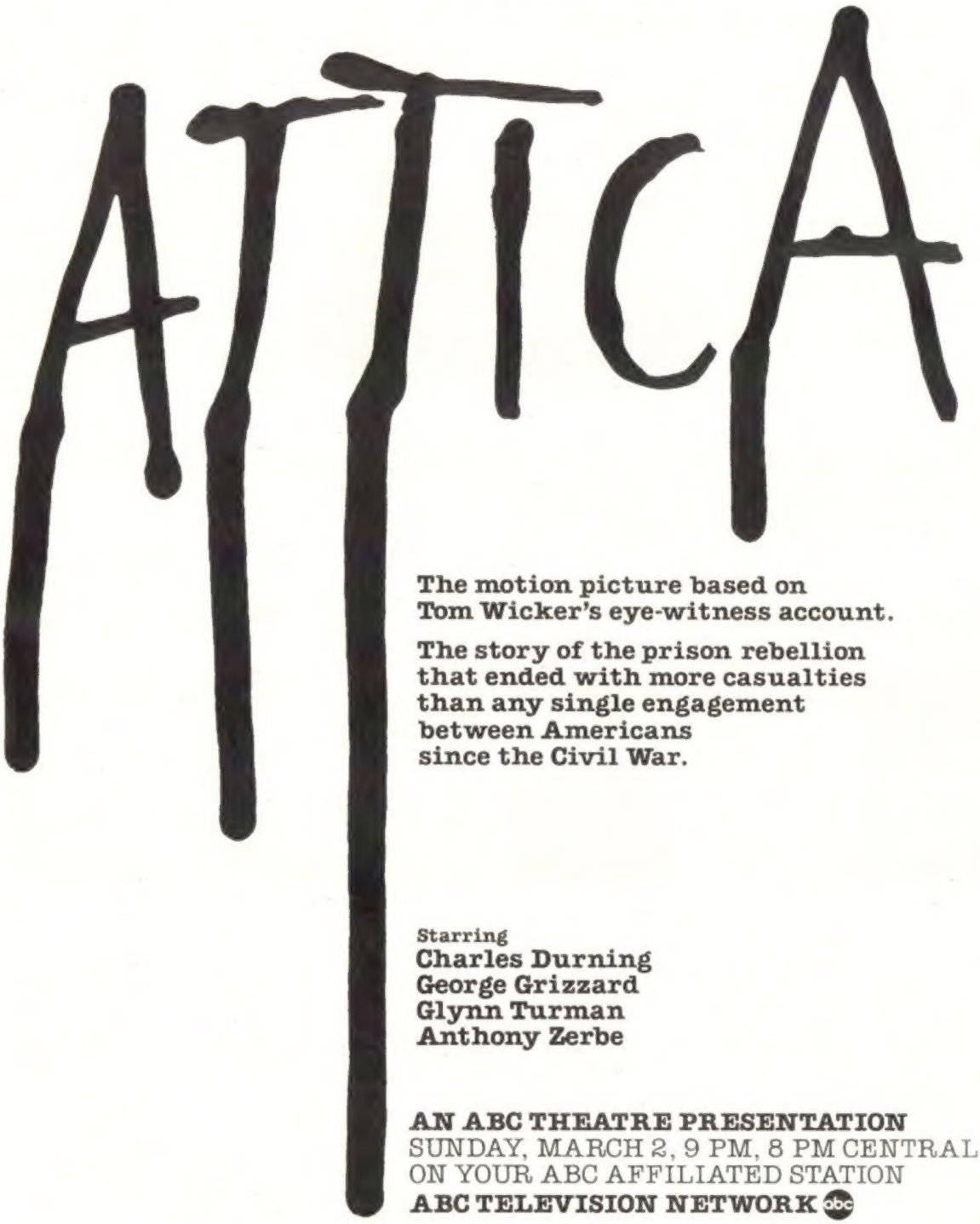

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Letters

Olympic Cover

To the Editors:

What a cover photograph! Never before have my eyes enjoyed such a pure quintessence in harmony, reality, perfection and effort as shown in the picture of Eric and Beth Heiden [Feb. 11].

Fabio A. Ridolfi
Toronto

As models of perseverance and charisma, the Heidens have become towers of inspiration at home and pillars of diplomacy abroad. Win, place or show in Lake Placid, the Heidens rank at the top of living sports legends.

John Westman
Hamilton, N.Y.

Tai Babilonia and Randy Gardner are like thunder and lightning put together —electric! Watching them skate makes you proud they're Americans.

Sonja M. Larson
Stanhope, Iowa

The Soviets Irina Rodnina and Alexander Zaitsev certainly are not "uninspired." They are the best pair-skating team ever to take the ice.

Peggy Cote
Baltimore

Before yanking the Olympics off to sanctified Greece, look at your Thucydides, wherein you'll find that in 420 B.C. guards were used at Olympia, ostensibly to prevent an "invasion" by Spartans, who had been barred from the Games, allegedly for violating an Olympic truce. Purity has always been in short supply, and history does indeed seem to repeat itself.

Jack C. Rossetter
Elmwood Park, Ill.

Debate About the Draft

Being eligible for the proposed draft [Feb. 11], I rue the possiblity of fighting and perhaps dying in an increasingly imminent military conflict. However, we can show the Kremlin that all young Americans can and will go to any lengths to ensure our nation's freedom. By starting the draft now in peacetime, we won't be forced to start it in wartime.

Jeffrey Hagerty
Chicago

They can take every car in the Gordon family and all the oil and gas that go with them, but they cannot have my son.

Kathy Gordon
Dallas

Since I am a student at the New York State Maritime College, it is almost inevitable that I will be in the midst of danger should a war break out. I feel the youth of this nation must defend the beliefs and security of America from Soviet aggression, but I do not feel women should be registered for the draft.

William J. Ruh
Orchard Park, N.Y.

Once again old men talk of sending young men to war. With war mechanized, there is no valid reason why only young, poor men should serve. All citizens between 18 and 62 should be subject to a random draft. Only the severely handicapped should be exempt. We might all be less inclined to rattle sabers if we thought we had to carry one into battle.

Carl O. Olson
Fredonia, N.Y.

Where Are the Allies?

In early January, when Australia's Prime Minister Malcolm Fraser announced a hard-line policy toward the Soviets over their invasion of Afghanistan (including a proposed Olympic Games boycott as well as trade sanctions), he was accused of making Australia more important than it really is. Since we didn't rate a mention in your article "Where Are Allies When Needed?" [Feb. 4], maybe in the eyes of the U.S. we really are "the mouse that roared."

Wendy Maloney
Montmorency, Australia

You stated that France, Germany and Italy did not express much solidarity with Carter's sanctions against the Soviets. I believe Western Europe should be independent of superpower rivalry and try —by any means—to preserve world peace, even if some American people, misunderstanding our subtle diplomacy, call it cowardly abdication.

Sylvie Lamarque
Gif-sur-Yvette, France

Drawing Some Parallels

If the Soviet move into Afghanistan [Feb. 11] is reminiscent of Hitler's annexation of Austria, then the present U.S. policy of forging a closer alliance with Communist China has its parallel in the panicked alliance of the Western powers with the Soviet Union to crush Nazi Germany. The current might of the Soviet Union owes much to this alliance during the second World War when the Soviets obtained valuable weapons and technology from the West. Even more deplorable was the consequent vassalization of Eastern Europe by the U.S.S.R., unchecked by the Western Allies.

If China, with U.S. collaboration, attains superpower status, will her weaker neighbors be left to pay the same price?

Dev Gupta
Tucson

It ill behooves the U.S. to take a holier-than-thou attitude toward the Soviets and to spearhead a drive to boycott the Games in Moscow. The Soviet Union isn't guilty of doing anything in Afghanistan that we haven't already done in Viet Nam on a far grander scale.

Victor A. Rudowski
Clemson, S.C.

Pitch for the Cathode Church

The money-changers in the temple were born 2,000 years too soon. Otherwise they could have learned from "Stars of the Cathode Church" [Feb. 4] how to burnish their image.

Establish a Good Temple Seal of Approval and issue a list of Honest Hucksters for the Kingdom. Pitch the line fast so nobody inquires whose kingdom.

Roland A. White
Champaign, Ill.

There are quacks on every hand but, praise God, bona fide men of God make up your "Stars of the Cathode Church." Power? Yes—the power of God released daily to transform lives.

(Mrs.) Virginia W. Johnston
Hillpoint, Wis.

How much money is taken in every year by the narcotics pushers, makers of pornographic movies and writers of material that debases the human being? And you have the audacity to criticize the radio and TV evangelists for the money they have collected to preach God's holy word?

Faith McDuffie
Tuscaloosa, Ala.

The political power obtained by television preachers scares me. Perhaps a new constitutional amendment is needed to protect the state from the church.

Mark C. Droffner
Durham, N.C.

A Breach of Ethics

I agree with Drs. Curran and Casscells [Feb. 4] that for physicians to be involved in administering lethal injections in cases of capital punishment "would constitute a cruel and unusual breach of medical ethics." The Hippocratic oath

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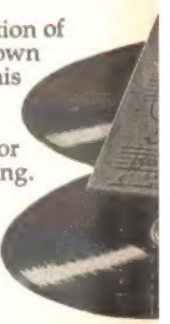

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Letters

—already eroded by legalized abortion—would be further undercut, and the physician's historic mission as healer would again be compromised by such a death-dealing task.

John Jefferson Davis
Hamilton, Mass.

Up with Schmertz

Up with fables, up with Mobil, up with Herbert Schmertz [Feb. 11]. I have been highly entertained and intellectually stimulated by these clever commercials. *Edward and Mrs. Simpson* is excellent; the commercials are better.

Carol Stivers
Ripley, Ohio

What burns me about the fabulous Mobil ads is that they perpetuate the popular myth that "the Government is our enemy and business is our friend." I would like equal time to suggest that if you have to trust your fate to either the Feds or to Mobil, choose the Feds.

Vance Hansen
Phoenix

I was appalled by the Washington Post–Newsweek broadcast group's statement that "controversial issues should be dealt with in our news and public affairs program" in response to Mobil's advocacy commercials. This is surely restriction of expression by the media. They wish to impose their censorship on a company (Mobil) that wishes to defend itself.

Brian D. Briscoe
Baltimore

Flora's Help

It is interesting that one of the leading figures in the recent escape of the six Americans from Iran [Feb. 11] is Canada's Secretary for External Affairs, Flora MacDonald. That is the same name as that Highland Scot who assisted Bonnie Prince Charlie in his escape from the clutches of the English after his aborted rebellion in 1745.

Douglas H. Worthington
Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio

Priests and Wine

The picture of the archbishop mixing his cocktails [Feb. 4] reminds me of my Kabul days when, soon after Japan entered the war, the wine stocks of our Japanese legation became dangerously low. Yet at the Italian legation wine still flowed. I asked his Italian excellency if he had a pipeline to Rome, and he replied: "We've better than that: we have priests, and Afghanistan has grapes."

Lillias Katsubé
Kobe, Japan

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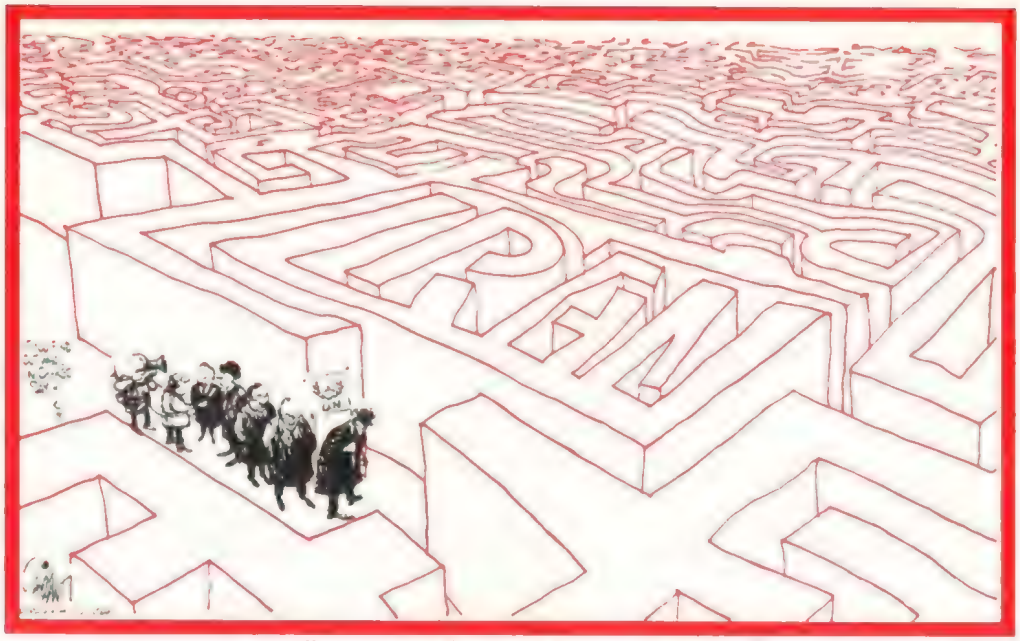


"All we can say at this stage is that we are optimistic!"

Nation

TIME/MARCH 3, 1980

"Two Steps Forward . . ."

But always one step back, as a U.N. commission heads for Iran

We are not privy to news and consequently are unaware of what efforts, if any, are being exerted on our behalf. There's no news about our status.

So wrote William Keough Jr., one of the 50 Americans being held hostage in Iran, in a letter to his family in Waltham, Mass. It is one of the cruel and bizarre aspects of the hostages' long ordeal that they probably have no notion of how the search for a means to free them has dominated the nation's concerns ever since they were taken prisoner on Nov. 4.

This search seemed headed for yet another climax last weekend as a special five-man United Nations commission arrived in Tehran to hear the grievances of Iran's new rulers against the regime of the deposed Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlavi. Arranging this mission took more than a week of feverish diplomatic activity, as officials at times worked round the clock. Their efforts were punctuated with starts and stops, expected deals that failed to materialize, and hints of progress that suddenly dissolved.

Every detail of the U.N. mission was haggled over. At a packed Manhattan news conference, U.N. Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim announced the formation of what he very carefully termed "a commission of inquiry" that would "undertake a fact-finding mission." This appeared to mean that the group was not to be a tribunal, something that the Iranians had requested and the U.S. had strongly opposed. Waldheim added that the commission "will complete its work as soon as possible and submit its report to the Secretary-General."

Will the hostages then be freed? A fortnight ago, officials in both Washington and New York seemed confident that the release was part of a package deal, definitely linked to the formation of the U.N. commission. The only uncertainty, it seemed, was whether the release would come when the U.N. commission was formed or after it finished its work. Iran's new President, Abolhassan Banisadr, appeared to have agreed to such a deal; but when he was asked to say so in writing, he denied that there was any connection at all between the U.N. hearings and the release of the hostages. Some optimistic officials in Washington and at the U.N. insisted that such a package was still being worked on—it is "a gentleman's agreement," said one of the U.N. envoys —and that Banisadr had to sound tough because he still lacks control over the young militants who hold the hostages. Said Waldheim, in his office during an interview with TIME last Friday: "I am confident that we shall find a solution, though nobody can say when." And a senior State Department aide summed up the latest impasse by saying, "We are now in a dance where it's two steps forward, one step backward. Before that, it was always one step sideways."

Both sides were relying heavily on the skill and shrewdness of the five distinguished U.N. envoys. Much care had gone into choosing them: former Venezuelan Ambassador to the U.S. and U.N. Andrés Aguilar Mawdsley, Algerian Chief U.N. Delegate Mohammed Bedjaoui, Syrian Career Diplomat Adib Daoudy, Sri Lankan Lawyer Hector W. ("Harry") Jayawardene, and French Human Rights Activist Louis-Edmond Pettiti *(see box)*.

Precisely how the commission is to function remained unclear. Waldheim said that the panel would establish its own procedures and set its own agenda. Syria's Daoudy told TIME that "this is not an investigation in the juridical sense; not a grand jury, much less a court."

Iran's Banisadr, however, insisted that the commission would investigate

Adding another flag at Hillcrest cemetery in Hermitage, Pa., where one is flown for each day of the hostages' captivity

"the crimes of the ex-Shah and American intervention in Iran." What the Waldheim announcement had said was that the panel would "hear Iran's grievances" and "allow for early solution" of the U.S.-Iranian crisis. In addition, the commission was to "speak to each of the hostages." This is important to the Administration because so far no one has seen each of the 50 Americans being held at the embassy, or the three held at the Iranian Foreign Ministry. The White House thus insisted, as a condition for agreeing to the commission, that all hostages be accounted for and their state of health determined. On the other hand, any public questioning of the hostages might go in unfortunate directions. It was reported last week that the Iranians were already assembling alleged victims of the Shah to appear before the U.N. commission, as they did when Waldheim went to Tehran last January. On that occasion they mobbed the Secretary-General, waving their crutches and shouting demands for vengeance. If such an emotional atmosphere surrounds the U.N. commissioners, and if the hostages are then asked their views of U.S. policy and of the Shah, the scene might resemble the kind of show trial that the U.S. has sharply warned the Iranians to avoid.

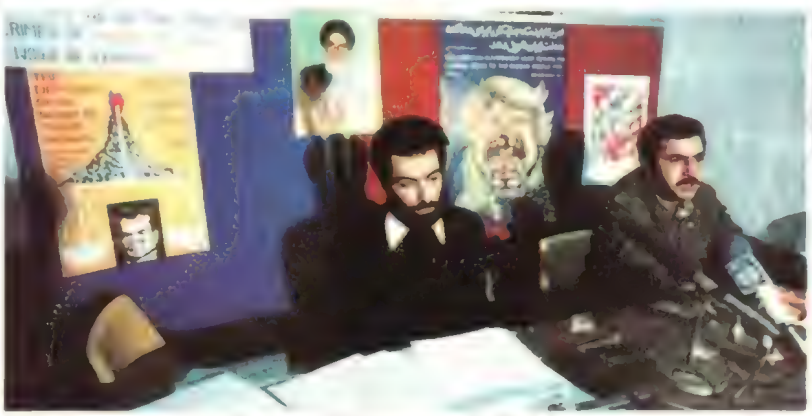
The week of turmoil and confusion began in a spirit of considerable optimism. On Monday, Feb. 18, Secretary of State Cyrus Vance slipped quietly into Manhattan and closeted himself at the U.N. for 6½ hours, obtaining from Waldheim what he thought were assurances of the commission's key elements. Vance insisted, for example, that the panel would not sit as a court, hold a trial or reach a verdict. Yes, Waldheim assured him. Tehran understood that. Vance persisted, saying that he would feel better if it were on paper. The Secretary-General said that he would get the terms in writing, that Banisadr had promised this.

The following day, Waldheim and his staff on the 38th floor of the U.N. Secretariat waited for a telex message from Tehran that would confirm what they felt certain had been Banisadr's verbal agreement. The message finally arrived late in the day. As Waldheim read it, according to a U.N. aide who was present, he swallowed hard, suppressed an instinct to curse and "looked like a man who had been kicked in the pants." The cable mentioned nothing about the hostages and referred to the commission as though Banisadr was expecting it to hold a trial. Said the Iranian cable: "Now that the demand of the Imam Khomeini and the Iranian nation has been conceded regarding the convocation of a court of inquiry and investigation into the past American intervention in Iran's internal affairs, [the commission] may come to Iran."

That very moment, an aide hurried into Waldheim's office to report that Banisadr had said in Tehran that the U.N. commission's task had nothing to do with the release of the hostages. Asked if there had been any agreement on the hostages, Banisadr said, "That's for later."

Waldheim had planned a small dinner that evening at his Sutton Place town house to celebrate what he thought would be the successful culmination of his diplomatic efforts. The guests arrived on time, but the Secretary-General did not appear until 10, sipped a cup of soup, then retired to his study to phone Washington and Tehran. Through most of the night, he tried to arrange a compromise.

By 3 a.m. Wednesday, Waldheim had made a bit of progress and later told reporters that "both aspects of the problem had been taken into account," referring to Iran's grievances and the freeing of the captives. A U.N. official admitted that it was not much but "there was just enough



Militants occupying the U.S. embassy in Tehran repeating their demands at a press conference

The Shah must return, they adamantly declare, or the Americans will not be freed

In Geneva the U.N. commissioners await takeoff for Tehran: (from left) Daoudy, Aguilar, Bedjaoui, Pettiti and Jayawardene

The U.N.'s Five Wise Men

To create a commission of truly impartial investigators requires a lot of shrewd judgments. After much inquiry, United Nations Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim finally picked the five members. Both the U.S. and Iran warily weighed them and then approved. The five are all men with low profiles and high marks for integrity. They all have experience in three main areas—the law, diplomacy and human rights. The commissioners:

Co-Chairman Andrés Aguilar Mawdsley, 55, chief counsel for Venezuela's state oil company, is a bon vivant who loves Caribbean music but is also an eloquent spokesman for democracy. Son of a professional diplomat, Aguilar earned a law degree from McGill University in Canada and a doctorate in political science from Venezuela's Central University, where he taught civil law and was law school dean in the 1950s. He suffered a painful lesson in political repression in 1956 when he was imprisoned for opposing General Marcos Pérez Jiménez. After the Pérez Jiménez dictatorship was overthrown, Aguilar became Minister of Justice under the new Democratic Action government in 1958.

Since then, he has served as Venezuelan Ambassador to both the United Nations and the U.S. and as chairman of the U.N. Commission on Human Rights. He has been particularly visible as president of the Inter-American Commission on Human Rights, part of the Organization of American States. In 1978 he headed a special team that investigated human rights violations in Nicaragua and issued a blistering attack on the Somoza regime. Another report is due soon on human rights violations in Argentina.

Co-Chairman Mohammed Bedjaoui, 50, is Algeria's chief delegate to the United Nations. An attorney who holds a doctorate from the University of Grenoble in France, Bedjaoui served from 1958 to 1961 as legal adviser to the rebels' provisional government during the protracted Algerian struggle against France. After Algeria achieved its independence in 1962, Bedjaoui held a series of high-ranking government posts, including Secretary General, Minister of Justice and Ambassador to France. Bedjaoui has been a member of the U.N. International Law Commission since 1965.

Adib Daoudy, 56, of Syria, is a member of the Alawites, a Muslim sect related to the Shi'ites, who form the dominant religious group in Iran. Although a foreign affairs adviser to Syria's President Hafez Assad, Daoudy has never belonged to a political party. Despite the fact that the Syrian government is pro-Khomeini, Daoudy has called the embassy hostage-taking an act that "has harmed everybody, including Iran and Islam." A graduate of the University of Damascus, he earned a Ph.D. in international law from the Sorbonne. In the early 1950s he served on the U.N. relief agency for Palestine refugees and argued in the U.N. for their repatriation and compensation. In private life, he is a devotee of classical music and a noted art collector.

Hector Wilfred ("Harry") Jayawardene, 63, brother of Sri Lanka President Junius Richard Jayawardene, is chairman of the Sri Lanka Foundation Institute, an organization that promotes democracy and protection of human rights. In 1979 he was chairman of a UNESCO conference on human rights in Bangkok. Educated at the Royal College in Colombo and Ceylon Law College, he has been an attorney since 1941, and became one of the youngest men named to the prestigious position of Queen's Counsel. Jayawardene is a devout Buddhist and an ardent supporter of wildlife conservation.

Louis-Edmond Pettiti, 64, the son of a Paris restaurant waiter, has been a champion of human rights ever since he passed the Paris bar at the age of 19. Founder of the Institute for Training in Human Rights, sponsored by the Paris bar and UNESCO, Pettiti was appointed to the French seat on the 20-judge European Court of Human Rights in Strasbourg last year. He has counseled some celebrated East European dissidents: Anatoli Shcharansky, whose 1978 Moscow trial for "treason" he was forbidden to attend, and Czechoslovak Playwright Vaclav Havel, who was convicted of "subversion" in 1979.

As president of Pax Romana, the International Movement of Catholic Lawyers, Pettiti once headed a team that investigated cases of torture by the Shah's security forces. Although he later became friends with President Banisadr and other Iranian exiles in France, Pettiti is known for his even-handedness. Says one colleague: "He has the kind of impartiality that would allow him to begin his service on this commission without knowing today what conclusion he will reach tomorrow."

to make us feel that it would be a mistake to abandon the idea of the commission." Moreover, Waldheim had put an enormous amount of personal effort into the enterprise. Though he has not been highly regarded by the State Department (he is viewed as over-cautious and unimaginative), U.S. officials give him high marks for his performance in the hostage crisis.

By Wednesday, the five-man U.N. commission had already gathered in Geneva and was ready to leave for Tehran. All the commission needed was the go-ahead signal from U.N. headquarters in Manhattan. It never came. After waiting several hours in the VIP lounge, the U.N. envoys and their entourage glumly headed back to the city.

In Washington, officials also worked until dawn Wednesday morning. At 3:30 a.m., senior State Department aides phoned the White House and had their urgent call put through to the President's bedroom. Informed of the difficulties that had arisen and what Waldheim was doing about them, a groggy Carter told the aides to meet him in the Oval Office in two hours. The Administration meanwhile toughened the statement about the commission that it had drafted the previous week.

According to a State Department aide, "It purposefully did not give a definitional quality to what the commission's mandate will be. Instead, it said what the commission will not be." The new statement declared that the panel "will not be a tribunal," and "under no circumstances" must the captives "be subjected to interrogation." In addition, the U.S. statement said that the commission will hear "the grievances of both sides" and that "the American people are deeply aggrieved" that Iran has taken the hostages and held them "in intolerable conditions."

Whether the commission will adhere to this unilateral U.S. interpretation is far from clear. Even if it does, the Carter Administration could still find itself criticized for having significantly softened its stance in the Iranian confrontation by sanctioning a commission without receiving any real assurances of the hostages' prompt release. In November the Administration's public position was unyielding: the hostages had to be freed before there could be discussions of any issue with the Iranians. This adamancy was morally backed by a unanimous U.N. Security Council vote, a ruling of the World Court at The Hague, and much of world opinion.

Since then, however, ingredients of the situation have changed. A government has been installed in Iran, and the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan has abruptly revised the diplomatic priorities in the Persian Gulf. Thus Carter aides bridle at the suggestion—potentially explosive in an election year—that they have begun to soften on the Iranian demands. Said a senior State Department official: "With the obvious exception of the commission, the basics will be preserved." This is questionable, though it might not matter much politically once the hostages are released. Still the fact is that sending a commission to Iran does grant the militants one of their most important points, and will focus global attention on their indictment of the Shah and the U.S.

For some months the Administration's position might not have been as hard as it publicly appeared. U.N. officials, for example, maintain that after Waldheim returned from his trip to Iran in early January, Carter privately agreed to try to negotiate the hostages' freedom by approaching the Iranians through the U.N. Waldheim emphasized the importance that the Iranians attached to having a "day in court," while Carter insisted that the U.S. would not submit to any quasilegal judgment and felt no need to apologize for its past actions. Waldheim felt encouraged to negotiate further.

Central to the Administration's strategy in acquiescing to the U.N. commission idea is the assumption that it will strengthen Banisadr, enabling him to get the hostages away from the militants. Though outspokenly anti-American, the Iranian President is more moderate than many of his colleagues and certainly more so than the militants holding the U.S. embassy. Last week he said that "the students going into the embassy is one thing, taking hostages is another."

Administration aides maintain that Iranian officials now perceive it to be in their interest to free the hostages. At the State Department it is argued that with the formation of an Iranian government, after nearly a year of political chaos, Iran's new officials at last recognize that hostage-taking is a form of blackmail against civil authority that also could be used against them.

There were signs that Banisadr's power was indeed growing last week. In an unexpected development, he was appointed commander of the country's armed forces by Ayatullah Ruhollah Khomeini, Iran's near absolute ruler. Earlier Banisadr had been made chairman of the powerful Revolutionary Council. Yet he was unable to gain Khomeini's full backing on the hostage issue. Though Banisadr had indicated to Waldheim that Khomeini would publicly endorse the commission and call for the hostages' release, the clerical strongman instead went on radio last week to denounce the U.S. and praise "our dear youth" for "having thrown the enemies of religion off the scene." In another broadcast, he declared that "the fate of the hostages" will be decided by the Iranian parliament, a body that will not even be fully elected until early April.

The militants in the embassy echoed Khomeini, adding that "if the Shah is not extradited, any expectation ... about the reconsideration of the situation of the hostages is a foolish expectation." Lawyers retained by Tehran are expected to file extradition papers in the next week or so in Panama, where the Shah has been living in exile. Though Panama probably will hear the suit, chances are very slim that it will hand over Iran's former ruler.

At week's end, both U.N. and Washington officials stressed the delicate nature of the situation. "Very fragile" and "tenderly balanced" were how Administration aides described the negotiations. Waldheim told TIME: "The whole thing in Iran is extremely complex. But we know that Banisadr and the Revolutionary Council want a peaceful solution. What is needed is patience." But Administration aides were having a hard time masking their disappointment and sense of helplessness after Khomeini's tough-talking broadcasts. Publicly Washington was insisting that nothing Khomeini said had changed the U.N. commission's mandate to win the hostages' freedom. Yet privately, a senior State Department official hedged, saying if the commission process "turns out to be something disastrous, we'll find out soon enough." ■

Banisadr (far left) and aides draft telegram to the U.N. accepting the commission of inquiry

On receiving the cable, Waldheim looked as if he had just been kicked in the pants.

Bush and Reagan at a Republican Lincoln Day dinner in Portsmouth, N.H.

Cautious Confrontation

Seven G.O.P. debaters circle warily and draw no blood

"It's like the Romans at the Colosseum waiting to see which gladiator survives," cracked Gerald Carmen, Ronald Reagan's campaign manager in New Hampshire. Carmen and assistants to Reagan's rivals were huddled in a small room beneath the stage where seven G.O.P. hopefuls were debating last week in a Manchester high school auditorium. As the candidates spoke, the nervous aides winced, grimaced, paled and finally relaxed. All the gladiators survived, and none was bloodied. The League of Women Voters' first 1980 presidential forum was considered pretty much of a draw. No candidate particularly shone; none faded away.

A draw, however, was not good enough for Reagan, who had skipped the first G.O.P. debate in Iowa because he thought that as the front runner, he should not present a target to his opponents. After coming in second in Iowa's caucuses, Reagan decided to get into the arena with his adversaries. For a seasoned performer, he got off to a rather halting start in Manchester. He made his points, but pallidly. Because of an unlucky draw, he was the last of the candidates to speak, following John Anderson, John Connally, Philip Crane, George Bush, Howard Baker and Robert Dole. "I kept hearing my own answers coming back," he said. But he adroitly fielded an unwelcome question from the audience about why he had told an ethnic joke a few days earlier. Claiming that he had been on the right side "long before there was anything called civil rights," Reagan said that he was doublecrossed by a reporter. Said the candidate: "I was stiffed." But he assured the audience that he does not like telling ethnic jokes. He added: "From now on, I'm going to look over both shoulders, and then I'm only going to tell stories about Irishmen, because I'm Irish."

To keep up the politics of joy he displays on the campaign trail, Bush tried to look confident and exuberant, and he largely succeeded. Afraid of making a mistake that "might blow our momentum," he said as little as possible. Even so, he came close to one of those dread bloopers when he described Social Security, a sacrosanct subject if there ever was one, as "largely a welfare program." But then he hastily made clear that he was really talking only about supplementary benefits like Medicare—not Social Security pensions.

Aside from Odd Man Out Anderson, who once again called for a 50¢-per-gal. tax on gasoline to cut consumption and chided his rivals for failing to take specific stands, the candidates mostly agreed on the issues. Some of them differed over whether personal income taxes should be indexed to keep Americans from being pushed into higher brackets by inflation and whether the Constitution should be amended to require a balanced federal budget.

Decorous and restrained, the debaters scarcely laid a glove on one another, not even on Bush, who, on the eve of this week's New Hampshire primary, seemed to be making headway. "We were surprised that they didn't go after our guy more than they did," said Bush Staffer David Keene. The candidates could not even bring themselves to attack U.S. Treasury

Duck!

One man's Mede is another man's Persian, as George S. Kaufman once remarked, and as Ronald Reagan discovered last week. Within a day after telling what his wife Nancy called "the ethnic joke to end all ethnic jokes," Reagan found himself forced to apologize to anyone who might have taken offense.

Reagan's joke:

"How do you tell the Polish one at a cockfight?"

"He's the one with the duck."

"How do you tell the Italian?"

"He bet on the duck."

"How do you know the Mafia is there?"

"The duck wins."

"O.K., where is he? I'm from the Duck Anti-Defamation League."

Secretary G. William Miller, who is under fire in his own party for the bribes that Textron paid overseas when he headed the company. Reagan suggested that such payments were a normal way of doing business in most of the world. Said Baker, perhaps the smoothest of the panelists: "I think there's a terrible temptation in American politics these days to be righteous. I sat on the Watergate Committee for months and watched the Republican Administration devoured before my very eyes. There's a natural temptation to say, 'Miller's a Democrat and I'm going to get him.' But you can't. One thing we have to do in politics is try to recivilize it."

Reagan's lackluster performance in the debate was followed by some better news elsewhere. He won 58% of the vote in last week's Alaska caucuses, a state he lost to President Ford in 1976. Bush was second with 26%. Reagan also came in first in Arkansas, where Republicans completed the selection of their delegates, giving him seven; five were uncommitted, and the remainder were scattered among Baker, Bush and Connally. In Puerto Rico's primary, meanwhile, Bush swamped his opponents, winning 65% of the vote to Runner-Up Baker's 32%. But Reagan had decided not to campaign in Puerto Rico, largely for financial reasons.

At two appearances last week, Reagan tried to ignite some of the fire of four years ago by making blatant appeals to single-issue interest groups. Before gun owners in Concord, N.H., he delivered an opening statement that his rivals could not match: "Thank you for your warm welcome, my fellow members of the National Rifle Association." With the exception of Anderson, however, all the other candidates were just as gung-ho for guns.

At a press conference in Birmingham, Ala., Reagan ripped into the U.S. Supreme Court for allowing federal funding of abortions for poor women to resume until the Justices make a final decision later this year. "Time and again," said Reagan, "we have seen the Supreme Court override public opinion concerning school prayer, forced busing, the treatment of criminals. But this time, the court's majority has gone too far. Its grasp for judicial power over the Federal Treasury must be blocked." He promised to appoint Justices who "reflect the values and morals of the American majority."

By week's end Reagan and Bush had reversed roles. Now it was Reagan who was anxious to debate Bush, and Bush who was hanging back because he did not want to risk a last-minute bumble. The other Republicans, moreover, were angry at being excluded and some even threatened to stage a "counter-debate." Reagan relented, saying: "I can see no fair alternative but to extend an invitation to the other candidates." His eagerness was quite a departure for the detached, confident front runner of two months ago. The investment might well prove worthwhile for Reagan. In a sometimes acrimonious session, he clearly outperformed Bush. ■

Penny-Pinching Politics

Under the new rules, even the richest candidates go broke

"An abomination," says Richard Viguerie, a fund raiser for John Connally. "Absolutely counterproductive," echoes Larry Pryor, an aide to Jerry Brown. "An overreaction to the Nixon campaign," says Morris Dees, chief fund raiser for Ted Kennedy.

The target of this abuse is not a candidate or a presidential policy but a federal law that these aides agree has seriously impeded their fund raising and has hurt their candidates. All three campaigns, in fact, are close to going broke.

Connally and wife at a fund raiser in New York

People are voting with their pocketbooks.

Kennedy's aides have just been put on half salary after getting no paychecks for a month. Last week both Brown and Connally suspended staff salaries, and Connally closed down campaign operations in all states that choose delegates after March 18. Vows a penurious but defiant Brown: "We'll hitchhike to the convention if we have to."

Passed by Congress in 1974 and amended in 1976, the Federal Election Campaign Act forbids a candidate for President from taking individual contributions of more than $1,000. If the candidate wants to receive federal campaign matching funds, he must stay within a $17.7 million limit during the caucuses and primaries and spend no more than $50,000 of his own and his family's money. Only Connally has refused matching funds.

In a stroke, the new limits wiped out the influence of the fat-cat contributors. No longer can a few well-heeled backers keep a candidate alive if he does not seem to have popular support. If he cannot get the votes, he cannot get the money. Both Kennedy and Connally raised large war chests (as of the end of January, $6.1 million by Kennedy, $10 million by Connally). But when they faltered in the polls and initial caucuses, their contributions fell off. Since they had spent lavishly without much regard for the future, they were in trouble. In contrast, donations to George Bush soared after he won the Iowa caucuses. People voted with their pocketbooks early in the presidential race.

With the big contributors cut out of presidential politics, candidates more than ever before have had to become their own fund raisers—one of their most difficult and demeaning duties. They have become so involved in the finances of their campaigns, thinks Republican Congressman Richard Cheney of Wyoming, who was President Ford's chief of staff, that they are "better equipped to serve as Budget Director than as President."

Nothing has higher priority with the candidates than keeping their coffers from going empty. Even though he was badly lagging in New Hampshire, Howard Baker had to give up a day's campaigning last week to go hat in hand to three fund raisers in Detroit (his take: more than $30,000). Says Larry Pryor of Brown's campaign: "A disproportionate amount of our energy goes to scrounging for small donations. We're like people that have to scratch all day for ground nuts and never get a chance to think of higher things."

The only finance director who professes to be satisfied with the current system is Fred Bush, who works for George Bush (no kin). But Candidate Bush was one of the few who could spend most of last year digging up small contributions. Complains Howard Baker's treasurer, Robert Perkins: "The candidates who can offset these constraints are those who go around sleeping in farmhouses and spend a year of their life getting off the ground."

Adding to the squeeze is the spending ceiling set by the law for each state, ranging from $3.9 million in California to a paltry $294,000 in New Hampshire, the same amount allowed for the Guam caucuses in May. Yet New Hampshire is one of the most crucial primaries. To try to spend as much as possible and yet stay within the law, candidates resort to every possible device, not to say ruse. Says Perkins: "The state-by-state allocations are ludicrous. We find ourselves staying overnight in Vermont to avoid the New Hampshire limit and that burdens us with unnecessary paper work." The main reason Connally rejected federal funds was to spend as much as he wanted in South Carolina, a make-or-break state for him. He insists: "I want the flexibility of using

what resources we have in the states where we need them most."

The law provides that the spending limits be raised each election to keep pace with inflation, but candidates complain that this is not enough. Says Ben Barnes, Connally's chief fund raiser: "The cost of running for office has almost doubled in four years. Gas is up 100%, TV in some markets is up 80%." Four years ago, the cost of chartering a Boeing 727 jet for a four-day trip to New England, the Midwest and the South was $37,500. The price tag today: $91,172.

Some candidates also gripe about the expense of complying with a provision of the law that they otherwise find praiseworthy—the requirement that they report periodically on donations and expenditures. At Carter-Mondale headquarters in Washington, 15 staffers work full time to prepare Federal Election Commission accountings that run some 500 pages. By convention time, each candidate still in the race will have spent an estimated $1.5 million on compliance, or five times the amount he is allowed for the New Hampshire primary.

Trying to raise money as best they can, most candidates have not had much success with direct-mail appeals. They also have not received significant amounts from the political action committees of special-interest groups. The candidates' favorite fund raiser is still the cocktail party, dinner or reception, where a lot of contributors can be dunned in one place. Connally has staged the most spectacular events: a telethon over cable TV from Atlanta that reached as many as 40 million homes across the country and is expected to raise more than $1 million, and a reception and dinner for 1,200 people in New York City last week that netted $200,000. The Democratic candidates prefer rock and country music groups, whose services are not subject to the $1,000 limit. Carter has signed up Country Star Willie Nelson for a fund raiser, and Brown has frequently called on his friend Linda Ronstadt. Says Brown Fund Raiser Jeff Wald: "There's a fierce dogfight going on for top groups. It's getting wild."

Perhaps the most important criticism of the campaign finance law is that it further fragments American politics. By channeling money directly to the candidates, the law encourages them more than before to run independently of party organizations, both on the local and national levels. The strict spending limitations also increase the centralization of campaigns. Since all state and local spending is included in candidates' totals, they are inclined to keep as tight control of their campaigns as they can. This discourages spontaneous grass-roots political activity and alienates many people from the campaigns—an unhealthy development in a pluralistic, democratic society that is supposed to thrive on participation. ■

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

Updating the Book of Promises

In Jimmy Carter's small and tranquil study down the hall from the Oval Office, a black loose-leaf notebook takes up a proud place on a bookshelf that is crowded from end to end with epics of man's struggles through wars, pestilence and economic disaster. The notebook is warmed by sunlight and caressed by piped-in Brahms. That is fitting. Within the notebook's 111 tidy pages, divided by ten pink tabs, is a fantasy that needs sunbursts and violins.

It is the story of a U.S. freed of dependence on foreign energy, cleansing its air and water, dispensing swift justice, conquering unemployment, choking inflation, producing more arms with less money, rejuvenating railroads, preserving families and banishing cancer. That notebook is Carter's book of promises, a compilation of the hundreds of pledges he made in the 1976 campaign. The guessing even within Carter's own staff is that the promise book has not been taken down and read very much in recent weeks.

It should be. But not by the President. He is painfully aware of the political delivery gap. Those other men running for Carter's job should read it. Within the promise book is virtually every goal and at least the germ of almost every idea that the challengers are now so ardently proclaiming on the campaign trail. In hindsight's cruel light, we see that the promise book is a gaudy shell wrapped around a void. There is hardly a word about implementing these dreams. So it is in this campaign. The candidates describe how lovely life will be in their fairylands, but they rarely talk about how they are going to get there. That is because getting there is almost no fun at all.

Ford signs a veto

In the bad old days of traditional politics, a President had some prestige, there were generally resources available, and the system had enough cohesion to move forward with modest coaxing. The central political question now may be whether our constitutional system is still functional. The nation's problems are not hard to find. Often there are several sensible ways to approach them. But not much attention is paid to the hard, boring job of putting together political coalitions or using the crude devices at hand in order to get real results.

When Ted Kennedy proposed wage and price controls he issued a two-paragraph explanation of how he would "announce a freeze" that would last from four to six months, and "during that time we would put into place other programs such as gasoline rationing . . ." But "announcing" and "putting," so casually stated by the Senator, would be in today's world like moving mountains.

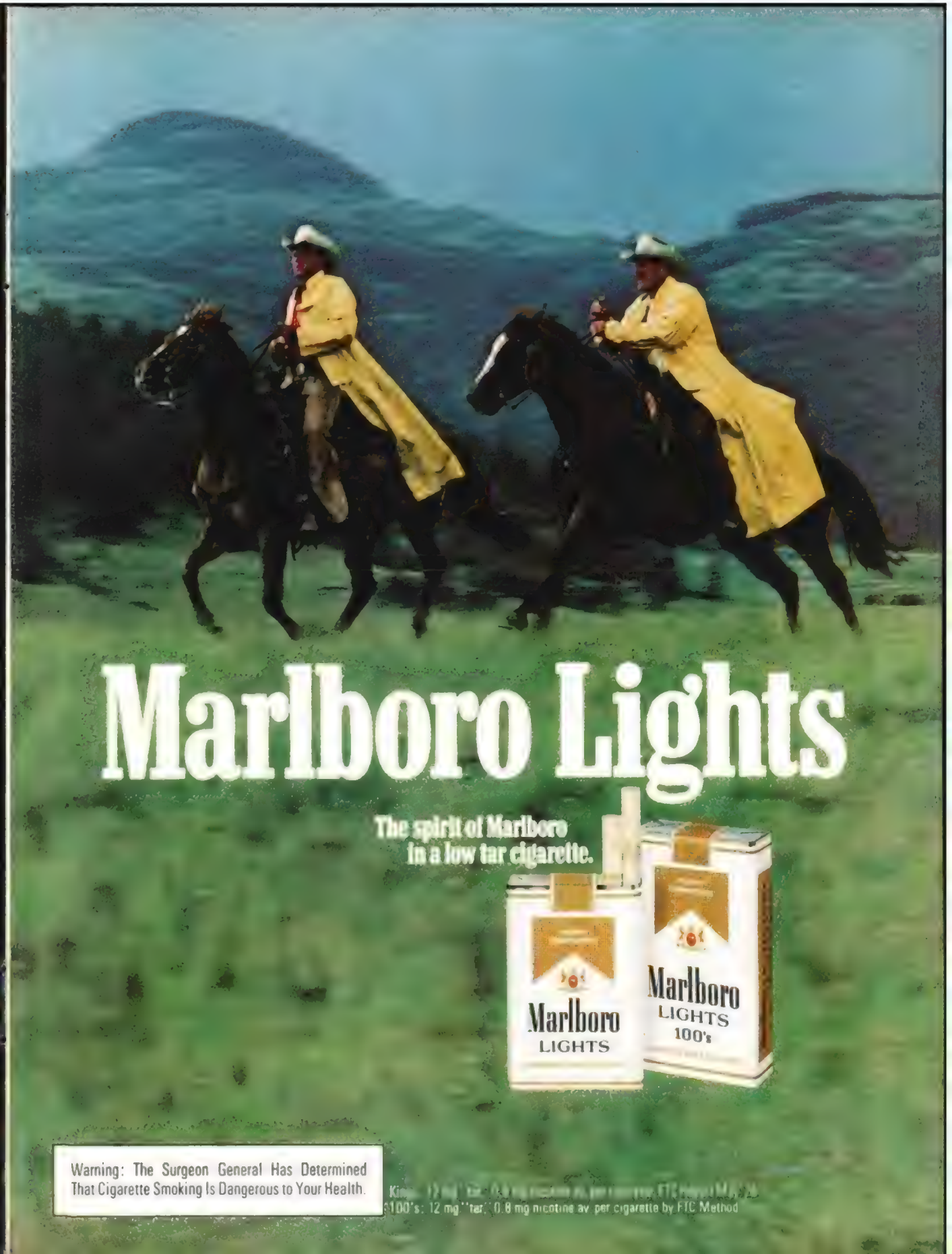
John Anderson is an evangelist for "the power of ideas," of which he has many, like the 50¢ gasoline tax to reduce consumption and ease other tax burdens. But Anderson's determined advocacy of ideas during his 20 years in Congress tended to isolate him. He was a preacher more than a mover.

Ronald Reagan would create a new regional power base through a "North American accord." He would stop "grinding out printing-press money." There is in his speeches only the foggiest suggestion of how he would persuade and arbitrate the conflicting interests in both tasks.

Howard Baker would have a car by 1990 that would run on something besides gasoline, and he would have clustered nuclear plants producing power far from population centers. The environmental problems that can be calculated right now are staggering. Those unseen are apt to be even greater.

We need imagination, powerful ideas and vision to make the world go. But we cannot continue to gorge ourselves on fantasy, ignoring the less poetic realities of how damnably snarled and knotted our Government is.

The last lesson we had in this came from Jerry Ford, perhaps the least imaginative of recent Presidents, but maybe the one with the most common sense. He decided that inflation was the threat of the moment. He found himself in the midst of skeptics who laughed at his warnings. Ford grabbed the only working weapon he had—the veto. He bludgeoned almost 70 bills sent down from Capitol Hill. That was a negative way to work, but work it did—and without an act of Congress or an environmental impact study. It would be instructive for all parties to hear a little discourse from the stump on the mechanics of power, without which nothing moves.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In a restaurant near his University, an economics professor lunches with his colleagues. He is explaining the recent Jamaica Agreement to remove gold as the common denominator of world currencies. To him, gold—and he uses the popular wording—has been "demonetized."

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Since World War II there has been running debate on the monetary role of gold, with sophisticated arguments to support each side. Finally, in Jamaica in January, 1976, a committee of world finance ministers agreed that gold would no longer be what is termed "a unit of account." This means that nations will no longer calculate the values of their currencies in a relationship to gold—but to a group of selected currencies instead.

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No one can guess how much unity on gold policy will ever be achieved. Countries tend to follow their own economic interests and gold is now widely dispersed. The European Common Market holds more than the U.S., and some OPEC countries have bought heavily. Also, some important gold countries, Russia and Switzerland among them, do not belong to the major world monetary association.

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Son of Abscam

An informer's personal sting

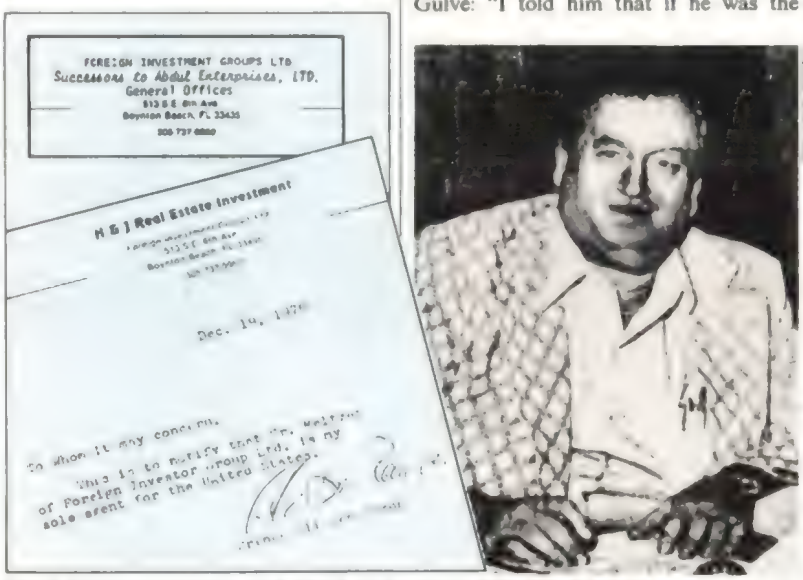
In the new tradition of catchy labels for FBI undercover operations—Abscam, Brilab, Miporn—a new one came to light last week that might be named Son of Abscam. An illegitimate son, to be sure: this sting victimized innocent, though gullible, California businessmen. It was run not by the FBI but by one of the agency's informers, who went into business on the side for himself.

The informer, Joseph B. Meltzer, 55, was recruited by the FBI soon after he was convicted in 1978 by a court in West Palm Beach, Fla., for possession of $100,000 in stolen securities. He was sentenced to 30 months in prison. The FBI sought his advice in conducting the Abscam bribery sting that eventually implicated seven Congressmen and Democratic Senator Harrison Williams of New Jersey. While helping the FBI, Meltzer learned that, to lure politicians into the Abscam net, the FBI had set up a phony investment firm called Abdul Enterprises in New York City and invented a fictitious sheik, Kambir Abdul Rahman, who was eager to invest part of his vast fortune in the U.S.

Meltzer soon turned up in California, representing himself as a top officer of H & J Real Estate Investment of Boynton Beach, Fla., which he said was an offshoot of Abdul Enterprises, and began lining up investment opportunities for Sheik Rahman. The sheik, Meltzer told local businessmen, would lend huge sums to entrepreneurs for promising new ventures; he promised $95 million to one businessman for four tuna boats. But Meltzer demanded that the businessmen first pay him finder's fees. He collected $150,000.

Meltzer told some of the businessmen that he was an undercover FBI agent. Those who got in touch with the FBI about him discovered that he did indeed have a connection, if only because Meltzer immediately phoned them back. Several told the New York *Times* that the knowledge increased their confidence in Meltzer, but some did get suspicious. Meltzer kept summoning them to distant locations —New York City, London, the Cayman Islands—to pick up their money, but produced excuses for not handing it over and for not letting borrowers meet the sheik.

Kai Gulve, a San Diego financial consultant whose clients gave Meltzer $55,000, told TIME that Meltzer did introduce him to two supposed sons of the sheik in Florida. One was called Prince Ali Ben Ramon, a light-skinned man who spoke with an Oxford accent and drove a Rolls-Royce. The other was Mustafa, a much swarthier man who drove a red Mercedes. Gulve also spoke on the phone to someone who identified himself as Sheik Rahman, and found his accent decidedly Eastern. Says Gulve: "I told him that if he was the sheik, he must own all of Brooklyn."



Joseph Meltzer and letterheads that he used to get money from businessmen

The sheik's accent convinced a consultant that "he must own all of Brooklyn."

The businessmen complained to the FBI, and the bureau's San Diego office dutifully began an investigation. It was stopped on orders from the New York City FBI officials supervising the Abscam operation, who feared that any talk about Meltzer would blow the bigger sting. Not until last October was the FBI's information on Meltzer turned over to the U.S. Attorney in San Diego.

The whole affair appalls veteran FBI agents in Washington. The bureau has strict rules against criminal activities by informers; the agent to whom an informer reports is supposed to tell his superiors of any illegal conduct by his charge, and may be prosecuted if he fails to do so. Obviously, these rules were not enforced in Meltzer's case. ■

Malicious Wit

Alice Roosevelt Longworth 1884-1980

She was 17 when she first went to live in the White House in 1901, and they called her Princess Alice, and she, as she later recalled, "looked upon the world as my oyster." When a visiting notable whose dignity had been offended by Princess Alice's sprightly interruptions asked her father whether he could not control his daughter, Theodore Roosevelt gave him a stern answer. "I can do one of two things," he said. "I can be President of the United States or I can control Alice. I cannot possibly do both."

Princess Alice

When Alice Roosevelt Longworth died last week at 96, Washington remembered her as a woman of great charm and elegance. It remembered her glittering marriage to House Speaker Nicholas Longworth and her years as the capital's reigning grande dame. But most of all it remembered the malicious wit that prompted her to keep in her upstairs sitting room a pillow embroidered with the message, "If you can't say anything good about someone, sit right here by me."

Mrs. Longworth may indeed have been the most caustic critic of Washington celebrities in her own long lifetime. A sampler:

Of Calvin Coolidge: "He looked as if he had been weaned on a pickle."*

Of Franklin D. Roosevelt: "One-third mush and two-thirds Eleanor."*

Of Thomas E. Dewey: "How can the Republican Party nominate a man who looks like the bridegroom on a wedding cake?"*

Of Wendell Willkie: "He has sprung from the grass roots of the country clubs of America."

To Senator Joseph McCarthy, who made the mistake of calling her Alice: "The policeman and the trashman may call me Alice. You cannot."

To Lyndon Johnson, who complained that her wide-brimmed hat made her hard to kiss: "That's why I wear it."

Grande dame

Of the statement that she herself was the nearest thing to royalty: "Oh, pish! Utter nonsense!"

Of herself: "A likable old hag." ■

*She did not claim to have invented these anonymous gems but did give them wide currency.

A Stunning Show, After All

Heiden's golden hoard and a hockey upset highlight the Lake Placid Games

The hoisting of the five-ringed Olympic flag supposedly internationalizes a site, enfolding it in the pristine and timeless kingdom of sport. But the Winter Games at Lake Placid seemed to bear a distinctly American stamp, from the incredible hoard of gold in speed skating to the site itself, a pleasant little mountain town swamped by the world. The Games provided a kind of ritual relief during a troubled American moment, supplanting cold war fears with cheers for an ice hockey upset. Like all Olympics, the 13th Winter Games left a gallery of bright images on the retina:

▸ The American hockey team exploding with jubilation after beating the seemingly invincible Soviets, 4-3, in one of the most astonishing upsets in Olympic history, and then exploding again after defeating the scrappy Finns, 4-2, for a gold medal.

▸ Sweden's Ingemar Stenmark snaking through the slalom gates with seemingly offhanded genius.

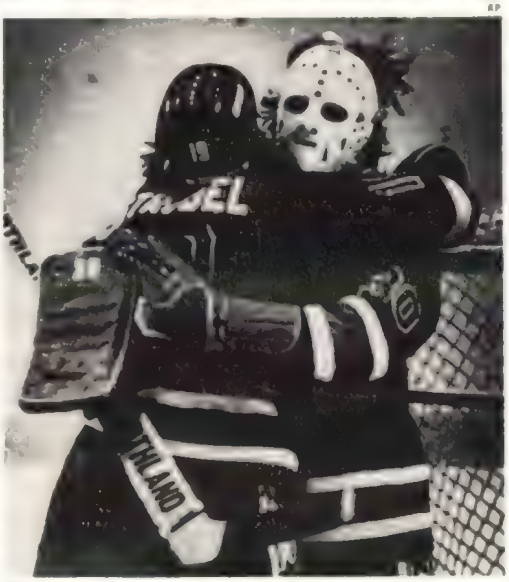
▸ America's Phil Mahre, skiing with four screws and a metal plate in an ankle he had shattered just a year ago on the same mountain, winning a silver in the slalom, trailing only the mighty Stenmark.

▸ Austria's Annemarie Moser-Pröll working the women's downhill course with the no-nonsense smacking-and-caressing style of a baker kneading dough.

▸ East Germany's four-man bobsled team rattling down the refrigerated run on Mount Van Hoevenberg in 59.86 sec., breaking the one-minute barrier for the first time ever, then breaking it again the next day, in 59.73 sec.

▸ Alexander Tikhonov's teammates hurling him in the air after his smooth skiing and deadeye shooting helped them win the four-man biathlon relay. For the Soviet army major, it was an unprecedented fourth gold in four Winter Olympics.

The two weeks were filled with stunning performances, but two were truly memorable. The underdog U.S. hockey team conquered all with its boundless enthusiasm, typically playing its best and scoring the goal that put the game against the Finns on ice when it was shorthanded because of penalties. Afterward, President Carter phoned Coach Herb Brooks to say: "We were trying to do business, and nobody could. We were watching TV with one eye and Iran and the economy with the other." But even the thrilling hockey victory could not overshadow the accomplishments of a young and unassuming speed skater from the Midwest. Perhaps the most vivid single image of the 1980 Winter Games was the sight of Eric Heiden's heroically muscled thighs molded in a skating skin of gold as he stroked his way to five Olympic golds, five Olympic records and one world record. Nothing in Olympic history rivals that performance.



U.S. Goalie Craig and teammate after beating Finns

For chauvinists and chroniclers, the race for medals was hardly a race: the East Germans and Soviets, as usual, scooped up medals by the fistful. But thanks to Heiden and the hockey team, the U.S. did remarkably well: six golds, to nine for the East Germans and ten for the Soviets. On a per capita basis, however, the hands-down winner of the Lake Placid Games was tiny Liechtenstein (pop. 24,000); the brother-and-sister skiing act of Andreas and Hanni Wenzel whisked to two golds and two silvers.

It is a good thing the Lake Placid Games were so athletically dramatic, because not since Napoleon's armies withdrew in frostbitten disarray from Russia have crowds in winter been handled in quite such fashion. Thousands who had made their expensive way to Lake Placid stared numbly down empty roads, waiting for buses in the Adirondack cold. The Rev. Bernard Fell, local chairman for the Games, was so frustrated by the wayward buses that at one point he actually suggested, somewhat facetiously, banning all spectators from the events so as not to overtax the transport system.

But in the end, the foul-ups seemed merely part of the freight to be paid for bringing the vast apparatus of a modern Olympics to a tiny upstate New York village. The skill of the athletes and their eagerness to excel made the Games exactly what all had hoped they would be: a splendid spectacle.

Nowhere was there more splendid evidence of that skill and desire than on the 400-meter skating oval. It was there that Eric Heiden, with his smooth, ferocious scissor steps, his trunk crouched double, long skate blades tearing minute excavations in the ice, stroked toward an astonishing procession of gold medals.

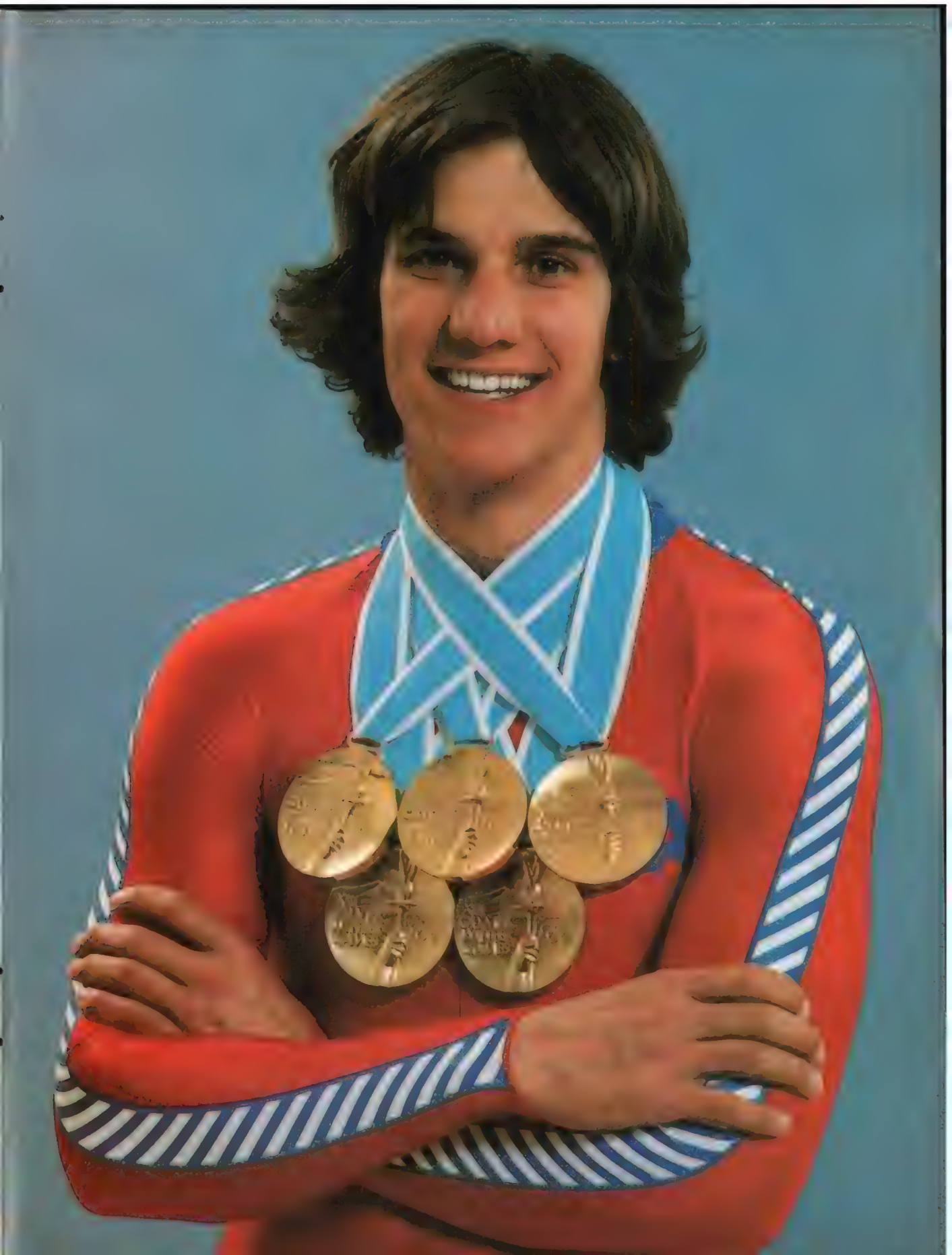
Heiden spent 25 min. 19.07 sec. at Lake Placid elevating himself to the company of the greatest Olympic athletes who ever lived. Along the way he kept shaving whole seconds off the existing Olympic records—in a sport where hundredths of a second can be crucial. In the 500-meter race, he cut 1.14 sec. from the Olympic mark; in the 1,000-meter, 4.14 sec.; in the 1,500-meter, 3.94 sec.; in the 5,000-meter, an incredible 22.19 sec.; in the 10,000-meter, 22.46 sec. (for good measure, he broke the world record for this grueling event by 6.2 sec.).

Heiden alone won more gold medals than any American team in any Winter Games since 1932, when the U.S. took six. No man had ever won more than three gold medals in a Winter Olympics, no woman more than four (Soviet Speed Skater Lydia Skoblikova in 1964). The record holder for gold medals, winter or summer, is U.S. Swimmer Mark Spitz, who won seven in 1972. But three were for relays, and he was racing over short distances—100 and 200 meters.

What makes Eric's achievement all the more awesome is that he won at every distance, from the sprinter's 500 meters to the endurance man's 10,000 meters. It is this span that sets Heiden's feat apart from other great Olympic perfor-

The Games were his—and Eric had a record garland of five golds to prove it

PHOTOGRAPH BY NEIL LEIFER © 1980 Eric Heiden



Charging down Whiteface, Sweden's Stenmark comes from behind to win the men's giant slalom and the first gold medal of his fabulous career

mances: Czechoslovakia's Emil Zatopek winning not only the 5,000- and 10,000-meter runs but also the marathon in 1952; Finland's Paavo Nurmi taking the 1,500- and 5,000-meter runs and the 10,000-meter cross-country in 1924.

Said Norwegian Skating Coach Sten Stenson: "In Norway, we say that if you can be good in the 5,000 and 10,000, you can't do the 500. But Eric can do it. We have no idea how to train to take him. We just hope he retires." "What Heiden is doing," said U.S. Marathon Star Bill Rodgers as Eric's medals piled up, "is comparable to a guy winning everything from the 400 meters to the 10,000 meters in track. There may be guys who can do 5,000 and 10,000 meters, but to do this—my God! Equating it to running, it is doing the impossible." Said Bob Mathias, winner of the Olympic decathlon in 1948 and 1952: "It's spectacular. He has to have the sprinter's ability, plus the lung capacity and the stamina for the longer distances. He is just a super athlete."

At 6 ft. 1 in., 185 lbs., Heiden is certainly one of the best-conditioned athletes in the world. Sometimes he bicycles 100 miles a day to build endurance, bending low over the handlebars and drilling his body to keep that horrific skater's crouch. He lifts weights, he duck-walks for miles, he roller-skates, he spends hours each week sliding back and forth in stocking feet across a 10-ft. formica-covered slideboard, an exercise that mimics the speed skater's side-to-side stroking of the ice. After eight years of such routines, Heiden's thighs are oak thick in circumference: 29 in. each.

Even with such conditioning, the speed skater endures considerable pain. Before a 10,000-meter race has ended, Heiden says with feeling, "you think you'd give your life to be able to stand up. Your back is killing you so much you'd do anything to get out of that crouch." Each race has distinctive elements of suffering. The 1,500-meter, for example: "When it's over, you cough up fluid from your lungs for a couple of days afterward. The 1,500-meter hack, we call it. I like the 1,500-meter the most, but I've got to prepare for the pain. The only way you can win it is by suffering a lot."

In addition to his strength, discipline and sheer natural speed, Heiden has another edge: he is a shrewd competitor. Speaking of the 10,000, his final test, he told TIME Associate Editor B.J. Phillips last week: "It is a strategy race. You have your intervals [planned times for each lap] and you try to keep to them but, within that, there are things you can do to work on the other guy. You can try to get behind him for a few moments and let him break the wind for you, like race-car drivers do. Or you can pick up your speed for a lap or two and make him think he's dying, maybe get him a little panicked. And you've got to watch out he doesn't do the same things to you."

When the skaters warmed up for the 10,000-meter race that would be Heiden's chance for a fifth gold medal, the arena was jammed with spectators. Along Main Street, fans who had not been able to get tickets climbed homemade ladders in order to peer over the fencing. Heiden stayed in perfect form. "He's not a beauty skater, he's a strength skater," says Leah Poulos Mueller, an American speed skater who won silvers in the women's 500- and 1,000-meter races. Yet in the end Heiden's strength was beautiful to watch. As he raced, Heiden precisely placed one blade just four or five inches in front of the other, pushed out at a 45° angle and then screwed his blade into the ice for power by rolling

America's Phil Mahre taking the silver in the slalom

from the outside to the inside edge.

In the last four 400-meter laps, Heiden was magnificent. Despite the growing pain, he skated each lap in exactly 35.2 sec. Finishing in 14:28.13, he was so tired that he could not even lift his head on his victory lap, let alone acknowledge the cheers.

With one of the great performances in Olympic history behind him, Heiden plans a sort of post-Olympic idyl of "goofing off"—racing bicycles in Florida, then camping and traveling in the western U.S., passing up his killer drills for the first time in years. "It's been so long since I've had a lot of free time, no training, no meets. Now I can do what I want to do." Eventually, he expects to go into sports medicine, possibly as an orthopedic surgeon like his father. He will spend next year studying at a sports medicine institute in Norway, where he has a Norwegian girlfriend

"After I come back," says Eric, "I may do some endorsements, if people are still interested in me. People forget awfully fast. I remember in 1977 after I won the world championships. The man who held the title before me was skating around the rink and nobody recognized him. I came out and was mobbed. Popularity drops pretty quick after you stop being on top. Things will cool off for me, and that's the way I want it." How would he like to be remembered? "The way I am. Just me. Eric Heiden."

Eric's celebrity left his little sister, Beth, 20, in a bittersweet state. She had been swept along in her brother's wake, and some said she could take four golds. The expectations were much too high and put far too much pressure on her. Although she had won the World Championship in 1979, some of her rivals were then still rounding into top form. They were ready for Lake Placid, and Beth finished seventh in the 500, fifth in the 1,000 and seventh in the 1,500 meters. It was an excellent showing, but some newsmen treated her like a failure.

Beth had a good excuse, but did not use it: her left ankle had been injured a month ago much more seriously than outsiders suspected. When she began to favor the leg, the other ankle flared up, and her main strength—the efficiency of her strokes—was impaired. For all that, Beth finally won a bronze medal in the 3,000 and would have been the all-round women's skating champion if the events had been judged collectively, as they are in the world championships. Still, her medal brought tears of anguish as well as joy. At her press conference, she said: "I'm happiest when I skate for myself. But this year I feel I have to skate for the press. The hell with you guys."

If the Winter Olympics turned Eric Heiden into a golden apotheosis to Americans, the Swedes had long since made a national hero of Ingemar Stenmark, an eerily perfect slalom racer who is as popular at home as Bjorn Borg, the tennis champion. At 23, Stenmark has won the World Cup three times. Before Lake Placid, he had taken 14 World Cup giant slalom races in a row while competing against the best racers in the world—a record as awesome in its own way as Joe DiMaggio's 56-game hitting streak in 1941. In some ways, Stenmark is the Alpine equivalent of DiMaggio. He has the same gift for doing the impossible in an unhurried, almost languid, offhandedly elegant manner. Declares Austria's Coach Karl Kahr: "He has that special feeling. Certainly, training is part of it, but it's also a gift—like the ability to learn a foreign language."

Wenzel winning the women's giant slalom

Stenmark only rarely competes in the downhill; its headlong plunge does not appeal to his sense of precision. He is strictly a specialist in the slalom and the giant slalom, fascinated by their intricate swoops and switchbacks. At Innsbruck four years ago, Stenmark fell in the slalom and had to content himself with a bronze in the giant slalom. He came to Lake Placid determined to take the big prize that had escaped him, a gold medal.

Thousands climbed up Whiteface Mountain to watch Stenmark in the first of two runs in the giant slalom. At the countdown, Stenmark poled powerfully out of the start house and into the first few tightly set gates. He was minutely off on the turns at first, then settled into the swoopingly rhythmic gate-to-gate dance that makes his style instantly recognizable. Just at the penultimate gate, Stenmark slid down so low on his right ski that his body was canted almost parallel to the snow. For an instant, it looked as though his try for gold would vanish in a white detonation of arms and legs and skis. Instead, Stenmark simply reached down and pushed himself up with his right hand. But the near fall slowed him just enough to leave him in third place, behind Liechtenstein's Andreas Wenzel and Austria's Hans Enn.

There is in Stenmark a certain wintry remoteness that recalls another perfectionist of Scandinavian blood, Charles Lindbergh. After that first run, Stenmark irritably fended off reporters, as he almost always does. "Questions, bloody questions," he muttered, and turned away.

Something about the second run of the

Slalom winner Stenmark with Mahre (right) and Swiss Jacques Lüthy, who finished third

The Alpine equivalent of Joe DiMaggio who does the impossible with elegance.

Mike Eruzione scoring the winning goal in the astonishing upset of the Soviet Union

For some scrappy pond-hockey kids, an invitation to the White House.

giant slalom seems to evoke all of Stenmark's skills and desire. Once, he ranked 23rd after the initial round and still managed to win, since first place is decided by the combined times of the two runs. On the second run down Whiteface, Stenmark swept down the course in a style close to perfection. His timing, his anticipation of the gates, his relaxed air, gave the run a preternatural grace. A cat can slink across a dressertop dense with perfume bottles and barely brush them with its fur; Stenmark went through 55 gates like that. Near one of the final gates, his skis chattered into a left turn and slid slightly. He corrected, and shot home to a gold medal, more than a second faster than Wenzel. The bronze went to Austria's Enn.

Three days later, Stenmark skied the shorter slalom course with such artistry that he won his second gold medal, plucking it away from Phil Mahre, 22, probably the finest male skier the U.S. has ever produced. After his ankle injury on the same Whiteface course a year ago, Mahre began skiing toward a surprising comeback. In his first race in Europe this winter, he did well enough to earn World Cup points. Said Team Director Bill Marolt: "Who could have believed he could do it in his first race? God, what an athlete!"

Mahre is a strong and bold competitor. His first run down Whiteface last week was a brilliant attack—nothing held back, no ghosts, no fear, just a great technical skier slicing through the gates on a line as pure and fast as the mountain would allow. Leading after that first run, he was hardly out of the start house on the second when a bouncing gate pole dropped across his skis, slowing him for an instant, upsetting his concentration, almost making him fall. The damage was done; the imperturbable Stenmark overtook Mahre in the second run and snared the gold by half a second. Still, Mahre's silver made him only the third American man ever to win an Olympic alpine skiing medal of any kind. (Billy Kidd took a silver and Jimmy Heuga a bronze in the slalom at Innsbruck in 1964, the only other medalists.) Mahre went over and congratulated Stenmark, and then the two super skiers, who used to train together, sat side by side in the sun like old friends and watched the rest of the competition.

While Stenmark was being Stenmark, Europe's top women racers were putting on a spectacular show of their own on Whiteface Mountain. Austria's Annemarie Moser-Pröll had also come to Lake Placid with a point to prove. Like Stenmark, she held the record for World Cup career victories (61 for her, 46 for him) and, like Stenmark, she had never won an Olympic gold medal. At Sapporo in 1972, when she was 18, she had been forced to settle for two silvers, and she missed Innsbruck in 1976 because she was at home in Kleinarl, Austria, nursing her father, a Tyrolean farmer, in his terminal illness. She came to Lake Placid, at age 26, knowing it was her last chance for gold.

"Moser-Pröll," says former U.S. Ski Team Director Hank Tauber, "is the toughest woman athlete I have ever met." She is a calm, concentrated woman with fiercely appraising ice-blue eyes who carries a solidly efficient 147 lbs. on a 5-ft. 7-in. frame. At the downtown Lake Placid house rented for the women's team by the Austrian Ski Federation, all talk about gold medals was banned. Moser-Pröll spent the evening before the women's downhill crocheting a red tablecloth —possibly something for the Café Annemarie that she runs with her husband Herbert in the off-season at Kleinarl.

At Whiteface next morning, the temperature was zero and the wind-chill factor made it feel like −50°. Team assistants used a hair dryer to keep Annemarie's boots warm and flexible in the small start house atop the 2,698-meter downhill run. Her face was coated with an anti-frostbite cream. Sewn inside her uniform was a photograph of her father.

Skiing in sixth position, Moser-Pröll charged the course hard, risking everything in the tight, steep, slippery turns on the top of the run. She crouched into an aerodynamic tuck where no one else dared. It was a display of intimidating control, and it gave Moser-Pröll a gold medal as well as a slight case of frostbite.

Whooping hockey fans turn the Main Street of Lake Placid into a jubilant festival

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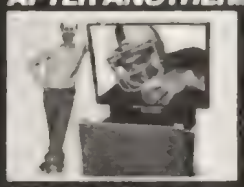

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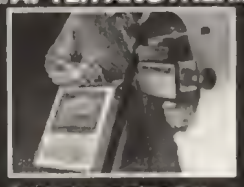

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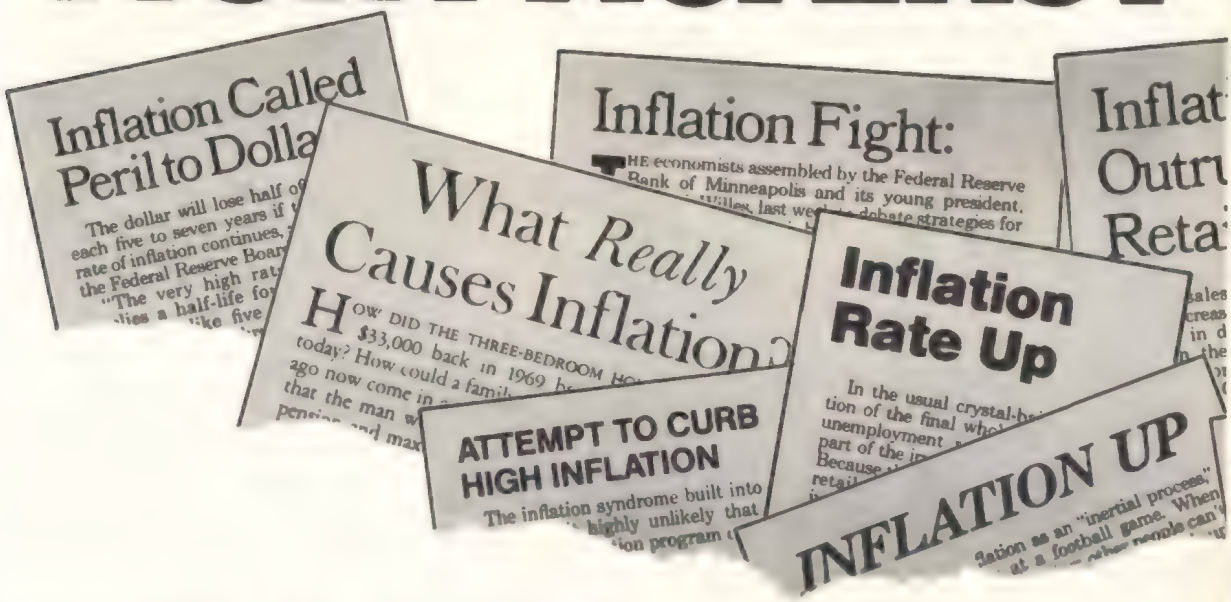

For years inflation has steadily weakened the purchasing power of every cent you earn. Because of it, the American dollar, once the standard of the world, now buys less than half what it did only ten years ago.

It must be stopped. But is there anything we—each one of us—can do to stop it?

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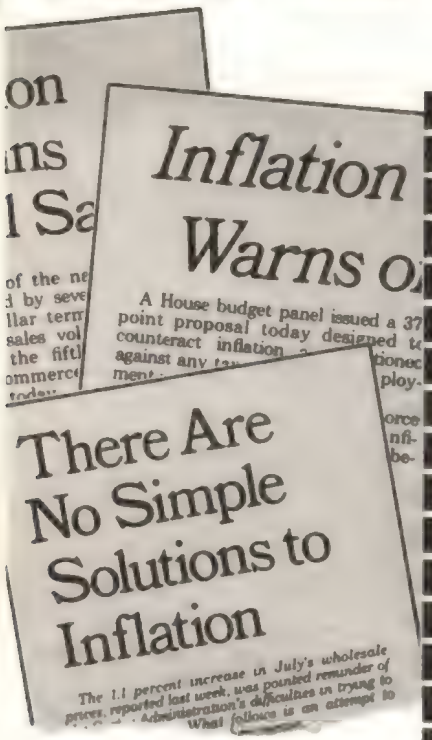
The ballot at right gives you that opportunity. It outlines possible options in five major areas of concern: productivity, deficit spending, monetary policy, government regulation, and energy conservation.

We're asking you to join us in this citizens' crusade for two important reasons. First, inflation is not just an economic problem. It's also the result of our individual and collective expectations. Rethinking those expectations and deciding what personal sacrifices we're willing and able to make is essential. Second, we believe inflation is the most pressing national issue of our time and urgently requires action on the part of every individual and every segment of our society.

Make your decisions, mark your ballot, mail it to us. We'll forward the

MARK IN THE INFLATION.



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☐ **I VOTE TO SELF-CONTROL INFLATION.**
I recognize and accept my personal responsibility and will share my views with others.

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☐ I will not ask for new government programs that require deficit financing and will expect our elected representatives to do the same.

☐ I will support a sound monetary policy by restricting my personal use of credit.

☐ I will not expect or ask for government regulations unless the social benefit justifies the cost.

☐ I will commit myself to being personally more productive and will support efforts that encourage industry to invest in new plants and equipment, product development, and job training.

☐ I will make every effort to conserve energy.

I, the undersigned, commit myself to the citizens' crusade against inflation and pledge to honor my commitment to self-control it to the best of my ability.

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Behind Annemarie to take the silver came Liechtenstein's Hanni Wenzel, 23, the stocky older sister of Andreas, 21. In the women's giant slalom, Hanni and Annemarie reversed their positions, and then some. Hanni worked down the course in smooth and easy runs to take the gold, with West Germany's Irene Epple winning the silver and France's Perrine Pelen the bronze. Annemarie, who does not care much for the giant slalom, finished sixth.

Two days later, Moser-Pröll took a spill on the steep upper portion of the shorter women's slalom in the first run and was eliminated. Hanni stayed upright and swept to her second gold by a commanding margin of nearly 1.5 sec. With two golds and a silver in the three alpine events, she matched the smashing performance of West Germany's Rosi Mittermaier in the 1976 Winter Games at Innsbruck.

No moment was sweeter for the Americans than the last instant in the 4-3 hockey victory over the Soviets. The berserk din in the Olympic arena must have been dimly audible at the Canadian border 50 miles away. Anyone on the International Olympic Committee who thought that politics has nothing to do with the Games should have sampled the crowd's ear-splitting roar: "U.S.A.! U.S.A.! U.S.A.!" The feisty young American players began by raising their sticks toward the rafters in an eruption of glad amazement, and ended by arcing them into the cheering crowd for souvenirs.

If it was a bit foolish, even sad, to savor the victory as an act of geopolitical symbolism, Americans nonetheless had a right to be proud of their boys. A pond-hockey pickup crew of collegians, they had knocked off an athletic machine assembled from the best that the Soviet army and the Moscow Dynamo could produce—the best team in the world, professional or amateur. Basically the same Soviet outfit trounced the National Hockey League All-Stars at Madison Square Garden last year. The Soviets have won the title in every Olympics since 1964; the Americans last took the gold 20 years ago in Squaw Valley.

This year's U.S. team, assembled by Coach Herb Brooks from cold-weather colleges in places like Massachusetts and Minnesota, were occasionally ragged, but as tough and willing as a neighborhood mutt. Just a few days before Lake Placid, they had lost to the Soviets, 10-3, in an exhibition game in Madison Square Garden. But at the end of the first period last Friday, the Americans left the ice with a 2-2 tie, thanks to a last-second goal scored by Mark Johnson from the University of Wisconsin. When the Soviets returned from intermission, they came out playing as if they had had intimations of Siberia. Their slam-bang forechecking kept the Americans from penetrating much beyond center ice. The game got brawlingly physical. Trailing 3-2 as the final period started, the Americans started skating better and controlling the puck with more authority. Thrown offstride, the Soviets were unable to set up their intricate plays or pass cross-ice.

A penalty for high-sticking gave the U.S. a man advantage and Johnson rammed in his second goal, with an assist from Boston University's Dave Silk, to tie the game. Just 81 sec. later, Mike Eruzione, the team captain, drove home a rebound for what proved to be the winning goal. Across the American night, millions of living rooms and bars reverberated with a noise of deep satisfaction, and President Carter invited the whole team to the White House, along with the rest of the U.S. Olympians, for lunch.

East Germans breaking one-minute barrier

A gallery of bright images.

In figure skating, there were occasional dazzling moments, but much of it was disappointing. At Lake Placid, the ice belonged to Heiden and the hockey players.

Reigning Men's World Champion Vladimir Kovalev of the Soviet Union dropped out of the singles figure-skating competition, supposedly disabled by flu. The best American hope, Charlie Tickner, 26, is normally a stylish and energetic skater, but all week he seemed curiously flat. In the free-skating competition, he suffered some awkward technical problems with a triple jump, but his main difficulty seemed to involve something spiritual: he rarely displayed any of the fire and joy he has given his skating in recent years.

Tickner did take the bronze, but the men's gold went to Britain's Robin Cousins, 22, who brought to Placid the elegant and fluid style that had won him his first European championship several weeks earlier. But even he did not skate with his usual relaxed confidence. He faltered on one of the triple jumps in his undemanding program; his gold medal was a triumph of style over substance.

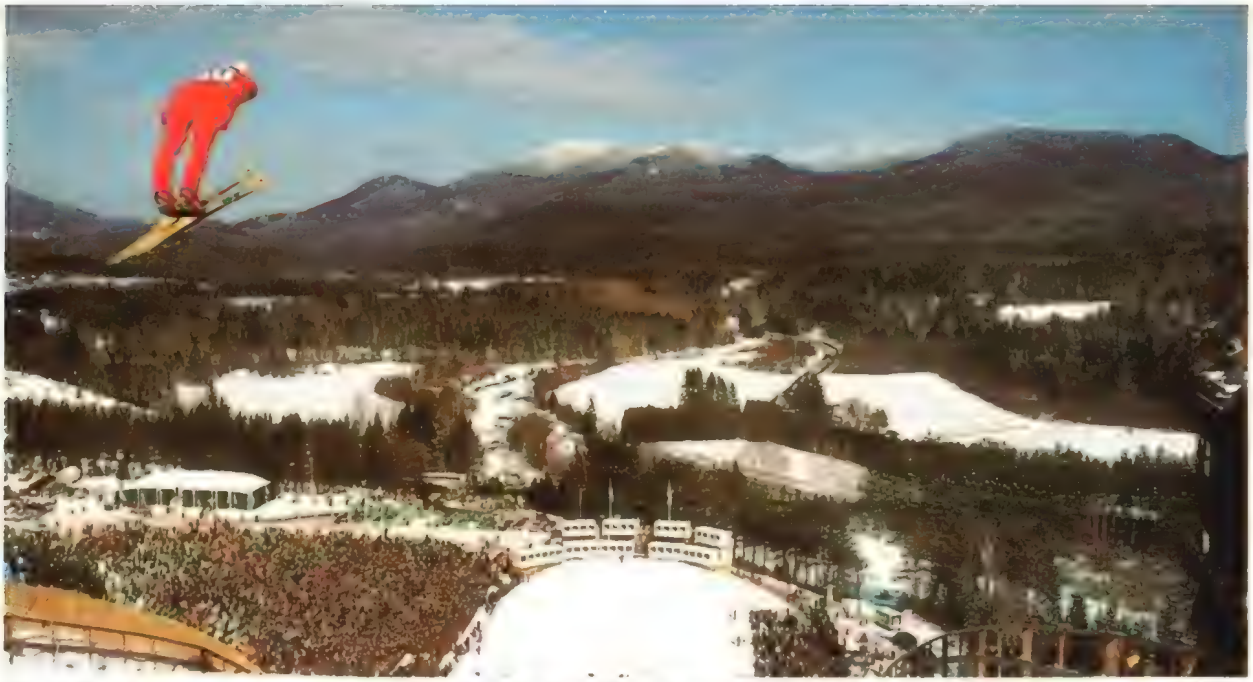
The silver went to East Germany's Jan Hoffmann, who made no mistakes in his athletic free-skating program but left the overall impression of an expertly twirling oak tree. Many of the figure skaters, in fact, seemed to be phoning in their performances from Albany. That was not so of Americans David Santee, 22, who had made a fetish out of the movie boxer Rocky, and tiny Scott Hamilton, 21, who ricocheted around the arena like an exuberant puppy. The two gave the men's competition badly needed shots of enthusiasm; they placed fourth and fifth.

The best U.S. hope for a U.S. figure skating gold medal after Tai Babilonia and Randy Gardner dropped out was Linda Fratianne, 19, but she got off to a shaky start, finishing third in the compulsory figures. Fratianne complained that West Germany's Dagmar Lurz, who finished second, had been rated too high. "I went out and saw her third figure and the second circle of her loop was short, fat and off-axis," said Linda. Her coach, Frank Carroll, said irritably that "the judges always put Dagmar in there as a buffer between Linda and East Germany's Anett Poetzsch, so that Linda has to come from behind to win." A two-time world and four-time U.S. champion, Fratianne is an excellent but vaguely apprehensive skater; she has only rarely been able to disperse the little cloud of worry that hovers over her performances. She had come to Lake Placid as the favorite, but now she had to beat both Poetzsch and Lurz.

Linda was ready. Her mother had lit some candles in church and stuck to other rituals as well. She believes it is bad luck to watch her daughter's free-skating program. "I stand in the back and visualize her program and try to send her all the vibes I can," Virginia Fratianne told TIME Reporter-Researcher Peter Ainslie. At the U.S. nationals in Atlanta last month, she violated the rule after Linda had succeeded on the difficult combination jump that opens her program. "I said, 'O.K., that's over.' And when I came out to watch the rest, she fell twice in twelve seconds."

In the finals, Fratianne not only did not fall, she skated superbly. Even so, she was unable to make up the ground she had lost in the compulsory figures. Linda won the silver; the gold went to East Germany's Poetzsch.

As the Games drew to an end, an East European official shrewdly noted: "The only amateurs are the people who organized them." An Italian reporter called the 1980 Winter Olympics the second worst assignment in the 20th century —the worst being World War II. There were other problems. Prices in Lake Placid were pumped up high enough to tatter



Alone in the sky, Austria's Armin Kogler soars off the 70-meter jump. Although he seemed airborne forever, he failed to place

the social contract: the $2 hot dog and the scalper's $100 hockey ticket. Some of the North Country Boys, as they liked to call themselves, showed they could hustle a buck like city slickers.

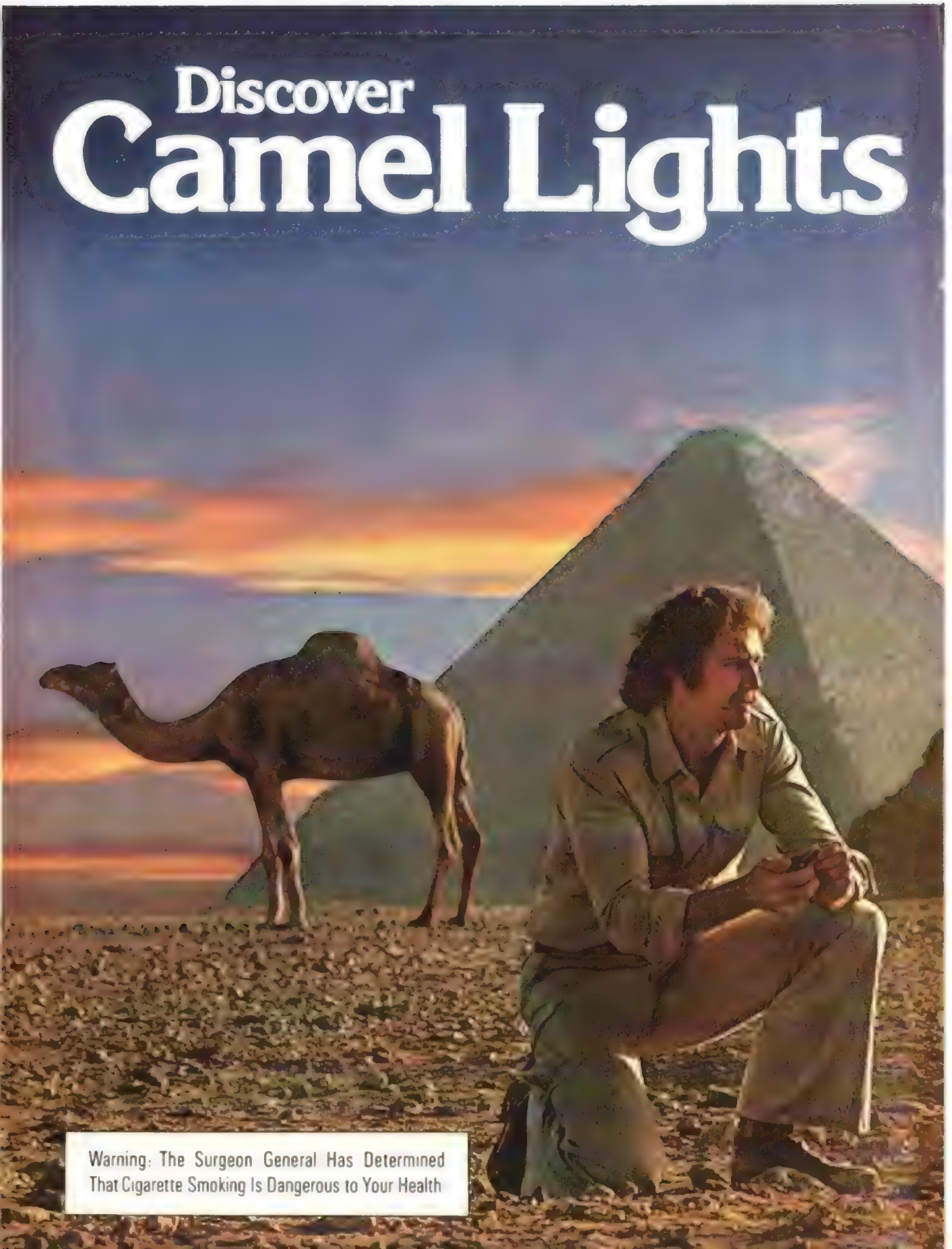
All too true, but Lake Placid will really be remembered for much, much more. There was a curious charm to the Games, the prison-to-be that served as an Olympic Village and that came to be admired by skeptical athletes; the small-town high school that was turned into a press center; the fact that passers-by on Main Street had only to peek through a fence—for free—to watch some of the finest speed skating in the history of the sport. Trading in the multicolored pins of the participating nations became a local fad and then a frenzy; among the most sought-after were the Soviets'. There was the miracle of the man-made snow, which was admired by most of the skiers. One Lake Placid official admitted that sure, the transportation had been a mess, but then he proudly recounted how European skiing representatives had complimented the locals on the superb organization of the alpine races.

Linda Fratianne skates for gold
Lighting candles in church

The Games were filled with moments of warmth. The American crowd, despite its deep disappointment at the forced withdrawal of the favored U.S. pairs figure skaters Tai Babilonia and the injured Randy Gardner, applauding the two smiling Soviet figure-skating gold medalists, Irina Rodnina and Alexander Zaitsev. The nightly *Gemütlichkeit* at Austria House, a fragment of Europe transplanted to the frozen shores of Mirror Lake. The welcoming hands that rubbed feeling back into the cheeks of the women downhillers who had just braved bone-chilling temperatures in their daredevil runs down Whiteface. The consoling words that Giant Slalom Winner Hanni Wenzel whispered to France's Fabienne Serrat, who was weeping because she had missed the bronze by one hundredth of a second.

Unless the turmoil over this summer's Moscow Games succeeds in destroying the Olympics altogether, some of the athletes who were at Lake Placid will meet again at Sarajevo, Yugoslavia, four years from now. But most athletes have a competitive prime that does not last much longer than a cherry blossom, and for them there will be no more Games. Some left Lake Placid with medals and glory. Some came away with nothing more than the memory of having competed. Yet in a sense, that is everything. Beth Heiden, fighting back tears after her last race because, even though she had performed superbly, too many people had expected too much of her, put it pretty well. "You probably heard that slogan about participation is more important. Well, I believe in it." ■

Fratianne with Boyfriend Peter Cain
Honoring old superstitions.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Symbol of a city in crisis: T-55 battle tank at the ready on a snowbound street in the capital city of Kabul

AFGHANISTAN

Deeper into the Quagmire

Civilian protests confront the Soviets with a fierce new challenge

"We have won a great victory. We have shown the Russians what the Afghan people think of them." So said a belligerent Kabul merchant, exulting over the mass anti-Soviet protests that rocked the Afghan capital last week. The unrest was reported to have spread to six provinces, from Kandahar in the south to Baghlan in the north, and the Soviets were facing the most serious challenge to their two-month-old occupation of Afghanistan, which has brought them worldwide condemnation.

The floundering Kabul government of Party Boss Babrak Karmal was ordered to clamp martial law and a dusk-to-dawn curfew on the capital. Soviet troop reinforcements were rushed into the city to put down growing disturbances. Nonetheless, firefights that caused at least 50 casualties broke out in several parts of the city. As rebel leaders threatened to mount a full-scale attack on Kabul in March, intelligence officials in Washington could scarcely contain their glee at the Soviets' discomfiture. Said one defense analyst: "They've really got their feet in the quagmire."

The general strike and accompanying demonstrations represented the first time that Afghan civilians had joined the armed rebels in standing up to the Soviets. From Moscow's viewpoint, it was thus an ominous warning that the resistance could develop into a general uprising throughout the country. Moreover, the civilian protests accompanied other intelligence reports that Karmal's dissension-racked puppet regime was on the verge of collapse. Overall, the Soviets appeared to be up against a dismal strategic reality: to suppress both the insurgency and civil disobedience, they might have to remain in the country far longer than they had perhaps intended, and they could be forced to bring in as many as 50,000 more troops to retain control of the cities and highways.

The Kremlin's concern over the fierce new challenge inside Afghanistan was apparent in a policy pronouncement made last week by Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev. Accusing Washington of "hysterics" and of "circulating the lie about the war of the Russians against the Afghan people," Brezhnev reiterated Moscow's claim that it had been invited into the country under the terms of a Soviet-Afghan treaty. Said the Soviet President: "The U.S. loudly demands the withdrawal of Soviet troops but in fact is doing everything to put off this possibility; it is continuing to build up its interference in the affairs of Afghanistan." In a direct attack on Jimmy Carter, he declared: "The anti-Soviet hysteria was needed for somebody riding the crest of this wave to win the presidential election in the autumn." But then, in what may have been a subtle deviation from the Kremlin's hitherto intransigent line, Brezhnev made the point that the Soviets would withdraw their troops

Afghan rebels atop captured Soviet personnel carrier

A dissension-racked puppet regime and a dismal strategic reality

when outside interference is "permanently terminated."

With MiG-21s buzzing low overhead, and the sound of sporadic gunfire echoing across scattered parts of the city, Kabul was described by foreign residents as being "in the grip of crisis." From the shopping streets of the Shari-i-Nao district to the alleyways of the Shorbazaar in the Old Quarter, thousands of shopkeepers had first closed their doors on Thursday to dramatize their resentment against the Soviet invaders. Shouting anti-Soviet epithets and antigovernment jeers, the merchants repeatedly defied attempts by Afghan police to force them to reopen their shops. When thousands of other citizens poured into the city center to support the merchants, they launched a series of vehement protest marches. Green Islamic banners were unfurled as marchers snaked through the shuttered streets with cries of "God is Great!" and "Death to the Soviets!"

Convoys of Soviet armored personnel carriers, which had been kept discreetly outside the city, rolled into the downtown area. Squads of armed infantrymen, who had been patrolling only at night, stood guard around government buildings during the day. According to the martial-law decree, all residents of Kabul were ordered to surrender firearms to the police within 24 hours; violators would be taken before "military-revolutionary" courts. A TASS dispatch from Kabul explained that the Interior Ministry had ordered the martial law and curfew in response to "plunder and arson" by Muslim insurgents and what it called "foreign agents, mercenaries and stooges."

U.S. intelligence analysts said that the strike apparently resulted from a well-coordinated plan among several different resistance groups, although the identity of the organizers was unknown. The strike had been triggered by the circulation of printed leaflets throughout Kabul, urging shopkeepers to join in a "unanimous condemnation" of the Soviet invasion. Next day, as though by prearranged signal, the strike spread to at least ten cities and towns across the country.

Soviet vehicle stops as Afghan guerrilla takes aim with AK-47 assault rifle

Arms raised, the luckless prisoner surrenders

In a stunning turnabout at the United Nations, meanwhile, a Kabul official sent to defend his government before a special meeting of the nonaligned countries defected instead and denounced the Soviet "occupation." The 33-year-old career diplomat, Abdul Rahim Ghafoorzai, dramatically declared his support for his "compatriots in the liberation struggle."

The ferocity of Afghan resistance to Soviet rule was shown in a remarkable pictorial report of a rebel ambush—and the subsequent execution of a hapless Soviet prisoner—that appeared last week in the Philadelphia *Inquirer*. Richard Ben Cramer, a staff reporter for the *Inquirer*, and Italian Photographer Salvatore Vitale spent eight days accompanying Muslim rebel units in the mountains near the Pakistan border. They were witnesses when a rebel patrol spotted a Soviet vehicle traveling cautiously through a gully, raked it with automatic weapons fire and killed the driver. His passenger, a lieutenant in his late 20s, was taken prisoner.

The captive was trussed with a gun strap and dragged into the hills along with the patrol. That evening, according to Cramer, the rebels washed themselves, as Islamic ritual requires them to do, and knelt on their blankets and faced southwest toward Mecca to pray. Then, near an outcropping of rock, they shot the prisoner. When asked how the rebel leader had justified the killing, one of his followers explained: "He said this man was not Muslim." ■

Three other rebels close in on disarmed soldier before leading him away

An execution followed the evening ritual of prayers and ablution.

SOVIET UNION

Proximity and Self-Interest

In Central Asia, the worries about Afghanistan are real

The debate still goes on in the U.S. over why the Soviet Union invaded Afghanistan last December. Hawkish observers—including National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski—have argued that the move could turn out to be Moscow's first big step toward the oil and warm waters of the Persian Gulf. Historian George Kennan and other defenders of détente say no, the Kremlin was acting defensively to shore up its southern border. Not surprisingly, the latter interpretation is endorsed in the Soviet Union. Also not surprisingly, an insistence on the defensive, legitimate and temporary nature of the Afghan operation echoed throughout interviews conducted by TIME Diplomatic Correspondent Strobe Talbott during a tour of Transcaucasia and Central Asia.

The invasion was the most sensitive subject bound to come up in interviews with an American journalist, and the officials had carefully rehearsed their opening thoughts. Baltabai Yusupov, an Uzbek newspaper editor in Tashkent, even introduced what he called "strictly my own personal opinion" by noting for the record: "Of course, I personally agree entirely with the position expressed by Comrade Leonid Ilyich Brezhnev in *Pravda*." Last month the Soviet President justified the invasion as a defense of Afghanistan against intervention by the forces of "imperialism."

In many of the interviews there was a revealing shift in emphasis as the discussions continued. At first those interviewed stressed the "fraternal" nature of the invasion—a generous Soviet response to a cry for help from a beleaguered neighbor. Gradually the stress shifted to Soviet self-interest—the desire to cauterize a festering, perhaps malignant sore on the soft underbelly of the U.S.S.R.

Sakin Begmatova, Foreign Minister of the Kirghiz Soviet Socialist Republic,* began by stating, "We wanted to make sure that no one strangles the Afghans' people's revolution." As the conversation went on, she recalled an incident—before the April 1978 revolution that brought the Marxists to power in Kabul—when the Soviets helped the Afghans fight a plague of locusts near the border. "That could have spread to us," noted Begmatova, "the locusts threatened crops on both sides of the border."

Might one reason why the Soviet Union moved into Afghanistan be to prevent the spread of a political locust plague into the U.S.S.R.? Begmatova denied heatedly that she had intended any such analogy: It is the official Soviet position

*The 15 republics of the U.S.S.R. all have foreign ministers, although policy is carried out by Moscow

Kirghiz Foreign Minister Begmatova

that the Central Asian republics are utterly loyal to Moscow and that their Muslim populations are immune to contamination from the south, where Islamic fundamentalism and militancy are rampant.

Over and over again, especially toward the end of any discussion of Afghanistan, the issue of proximity kept coming up. Warned Begmatova: "I say to you as a human being, as a woman, as a mother and as a grandmother, that country [Afghanistan] is right on our border." Gairat Sapargaliyev, a law professor in Alma-Ata, said: "Afghanistan is, after all, a country on our own border!" Sapar Baizhanov, the editor in chief of *Socialist Kazakhstan*, put it this way: "We're not talking about Canada, after all, we're talking about a country on our own borders."

That recurring concern with the security of the frontier seems genuine and deeply ingrained. Long before the massive airlift of soldiers into Afghanistan, Soviet authorities had emphasized the close historical ties between the peoples of Soviet Central Asia, particularly Uzbekistan, and of Afghanistan. "The Uzbeks and Afghans—we're one people," said Khelyam Khudaiberdiyev, an official of the state radio and television in Tashkent. He went on to express a feeling of almost familial responsibility toward his backward cousins to the south: "We have a saying that our dogs live better than the Afghans lived under the old regime there" (referring to the monarchy and Daoud government overthrown in '78).

Tashkent Editor Baltabai Yusupov

Opening answers were carefully rehearsed.

Yet even if one gives the benefit of the doubt to the Soviets and accepts as their main motive for the Afghan invasion a determination to protect their border, the "events in Afghanistan" are still ominous. The legalistic fictions used to justify the invasion are distinctly reminiscent of those used to justify "the events in Czechoslovakia" twelve years ago. Then it was called "the temporary deployment of Soviet troops on the territory of Czechoslovakia," ostensibly at the request of the Czechoslovak peoples —even though the invasion crushed the most popular Prague regime in 20 years. Now it is called "the introduction of a limited contingent of Soviet troops temporarily into Afghanistan," ostensibly at the invitation of a government whose head was summarily executed. Moreover, what might be called the Afghan Doctrine of 1979-80 has threatening implications for other crisis-prone countries along the southern border of the U.S.S.R.—especially Iran. Consider the following hypothetical chain of events:

Iran's revolution enters a new, secular phase as Ayatullah Khomeini and the mullahs are pushed aside. There is a power struggle—possibly even civil war—between various factions. Leftists, perhaps self-avowed Marxists, come out on top, but the unrest continues. Separatist Kurds stir up more trouble than ever from bases in Iraq and in NATO ally Turkey. Muslim militants declare a holy war on the godless Marxists and take to the hills. An embattled government in Tehran appeals to Moscow for help, and the Soviet Union accuses NATO of interfering in Iran's internal affairs. Authorities in Soviet Azerbaijan and Turkmenia stress their ethnic ties with the Iranians. Finally, in come the Soviet transports, loaded with soldiers and equipment. Given the Carter Administration's declared determination to resist such a move with force, history might well repeat itself—to reverse Marx's famous aphorism—not as farce, but as tragedy.

The point of this chilling scenario is that every argument one now hears being advanced by the Soviets to justify the invasion of Afghanistan could also be applied to the Iranian crisis hypothesized above. The Soviets repeatedly—and, quite possibly, with some sincerity—deny having a grand design for a grab at the oil and warm waters of the gulf. But a socialist Iran, asking for help from Moscow tomorrow, is even easier to imagine today than was an Islamic Republic of Iran two years ago. ■

DIPLOMACY

Restoring a Sense of Cohesion

Vance travels to head off criticism of U.S. policy

The trip had been so hastily put together that there was not even a firm itinerary on the day of departure. But for Secretary of State Cyrus Vance, organizing a precise travel schedule was the least of his worries. With the Western alliance in disarray over its response to the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, Vance shuttled his way through four European capitals last week in an attempt to win support for the activist U.S. position.

The whirlwind tour had become urgently necessary in the wake of the French refusal to take part in a five-nation parley with the U.S., originally scheduled for last week in Bonn. Deeply concerned about French President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing's coolness to U.S. diplomatic initiatives, Washington decided that even a series of bilateral talks would do more to restore a sense of cohesion within the Western alliance than no consultations at all. "There is no substitute for face to face," said one senior U.S. official on the trip. "It's a hell of a lot easier when you are sitting across a table."

At each meeting, in his lawyer-like fashion, Vance unfurled a detailed brief urging Europe to support the U.S. boycott of the Moscow Olympics and its embargo of grain and high technology sales to the Soviet Union. Vance also called for a beefing-up of NATO and increased European military aid to Pakistan and Turkey. Above all, he preached unity, warning that the Kremlin must not be allowed to drive a wedge between the allies.

In Bonn the Secretary had to mollify some outspoken critics of U.S. moves in the post-Afghanistan era. Certain West German officials had privately derided Carter's Olympic boycott as "downright dumb." Chancellor Helmut Schmidt resented not being consulted in advance about this decision. A bare two hours' notice on the day of its announcement, he observed unsmilingly, was "a little late." The West Germans also feared serious setbacks to their international trade if they followed Carter's proscriptions on commercial dealings with Moscow.

Schmidt cordially received Vance at his Rhineside residence and termed their meeting "extraordinarily useful," but obvious U.S.–West German differences remained. While Vance stressed at a press conference that the Soviets "must pay the cost flowing from the blatant invasion of a neighboring country," Foreign Minister Hans-Dietrich Genscher took a very different tack. Said he: "We must do everything we can to avoid escalation, make a political solution of the problem possible, and pursue détente."

Vance's pitch got a more sympathetic hearing in London, where Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher has consistently endorsed Carter's tough stance on Afghanistan. Shortly after meeting with Vance, British Foreign Secretary Lord Carrington called on his fellow Europeans to unite in supporting the U.S. Said he: "There is no country in the [European] Community which doesn't know that the alliance with America is the bedrock of Europe's security. When the chips are down, we are all firmly on the side of the only superpower we have."

In contrast to that cordial support, Vance's Paris stopover was marked by a certain coolness. The Secretary of State, in fact, was still so angry over France's scuttling of the planned five-party talks that he did not even include Paris on his itinerary until the last minute. On the eve of Vance's arrival, and implicitly with his approval, U.S. Ambassador to Paris Arthur Hartman blasted the French position in a tough speech that urged Europe "not to forget what side you're on."

Neither side gave an inch during Vance's 4½-hour meeting with French Foreign Minister Jean François-Poncet. French officials remained convinced that U.S. insistence on "punishing" the Soviets would only make Moscow dig in deeper. Explained one diplomat: "The European view is that we should retain the leverage to put pressure on the Soviets because we think there's still a chance of getting them to pull out of Afghanistan."

That "European view" had been forcefully expressed two days earlier at Rome's ornate Palazzo Madama, where the nine foreign ministers of the Community had gathered for a special meeting on the Afghanistan crisis. Overcoming their own internal frictions, the ministers unanimously adopted a British-sponsored plan calling for international guarantees of Afghanistan's neutrality. In proposing the idea, Lord Carrington argued that a neutralized Afghanistan might satisfy the Soviets' concerns for their own security and permit them to withdraw their troops "without a loss of face."

The proposal seemed unlikely to satisfy either of the superpowers. A skeptical Vance endorsed it tepidly as an "important suggestion." To no one's surprise, Moscow rejected it outright. "The illogicality of such a proposal is obvious," scoffed the Soviet government newspaper *Izvestia*, charging that the idea had been "borrowed from across the Atlantic Ocean."

One of Washington's biggest disappointments last week was Vance's failure to win firm European commitments to the Olympic boycott. On Wednesday, the deadline President Carter had set for Soviet withdrawal from Afghanistan, the State Department announced a "final and irrevocable" U.S. decision to boycott the Games. Officials of the U.S. Olympic Committee said they would keep their options open in hopes that a future Soviet withdrawal might yet enable their teams to participate. Although Britain has already joined the 50 countries that have promised to back the boycott, West Germany and Italy have deferred a final decision on the issue.* France remains adamantly opposed to the idea. ■

West German Foreign Minister Genscher and Secretary of State Vance in Bonn

Some officials privately ridiculed the Olympic boycott as "downright dumb."

*An embarrassing Olympic boycott pledge of support came last week from South Africa, one of 120 countries to receive a letter from Washington urging support of the U.S. stand. The South Africans, who have been banned from all Olympic events since 1964, assured the U.S., tongue in cheek, that they would definitely not be going to Moscow this summer.

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ZIMBABWE RHODESIA

Fighting to the Finish Line

Violence, brutality and intimidation mar a gory electoral contest

It is an election that Africa will long remember. It has been marked by political violence, brutality and intimidation, perhaps the worst in the history of the continent's turbulent independence movements. During the two-month campaign in Zimbabwe Rhodesia, there have been 250 deaths and more than 207 declared violations of the cease-fire agreement painstakingly hammered out at London's Lancaster House conference last fall.

The gory contest comes to a merciful close this week with the election of 80 black members to the 100-seat House of Assembly. Voting separately, the country's 212,000 whites have already chosen their 20 representatives—all of them members of former Prime Minister Ian Smith's Rhodesian Front Party.

Nkomo points to campaign poster

Soft-pedaling incendiary propaganda.

The election, which will determine the government of a future Zimbabwe, seemed in danger of disintegrating during the final days. The last full week of campaigning was marred by hundreds of scattered incidents, including the murder of a Roman Catholic priest and the abduction of four campaign workers for Joshua Nkomo's Patriotic Front Party by armed supporters of his erstwhile ally Robert Mugabe.

Violence reached such an alarming level that Lord Soames, the British caretaker Governor, issued a map showing "red" and "blue" zones in which he adjudged that it was "impossible" or "difficult" for parties other than Mugabe's to campaign because of intimidation by his guerrilla forces (acronymically called ZANLA). At least 2,000 of Mugabe's men have refused to enter the 14 cease-fire assembly points set aside for guerrillas returning to Zimbabwe Rhodesia from camps in neighboring states.

Former Prime Minister Bishop Abel Muzorewa, the leading black moderate, was still gamely electioneering around the country in a red-and-white-striped helicopter, accompanied by a dozen armed bodyguards. Generously financed by South African and Rhodesian corporations, Muzorewa runs by far the richest and best organized of all the major parties. Despite offers of free drinks and gifts, however, his crowds remained small and glumly suspicious of the proceedings. Muzorewa charged last week that he had attended "only one meeting where there was no evidence of intimidation."

Nkomo aides also complained of heavy intimidation—from both the Mugabe forces and some 20,000 armed "auxiliaries" loyal to Muzorewa. Nor was Mugabe himself exempt from intimidation: as the election neared, he had all but withdrawn from active campaigning following a grenade attack on his new suburban Salisbury home and a remote-controlled land-mine explosion that just missed his car.

As bad as the campaign looked, it was still peace by Rhodesian standards: the average daily death toll was seven —down from 40 before the settlement. Privately, many black nationalists admitted that Soames' firmness had helped hold the cease-fire on course. But Soames has also been severely criticized by the nationalists and their African sympathizers for his seeming partiality toward the white Rhodesians, whom he has allowed to control the country's civil service, government apparatus, security forces and pro-Muzorewa auxiliaries.

Muzorewa's party won 51 of the 72 black seats in last April's "internal" elections, which were boycotted by the guerrilla factions. The bishop appears to be headed for a setback this time. Despite his lavish campaigning, many blacks have not forgiven him for failing to produce the peace and economic benefits he had promised and for allying himself too closely with the whites. The silver-haired Nkomo, 62, has campaigned successfully with his earthy, jovial style and a slick poster campaign. But he is still limited by his minority tribal base among the Ndebele, who comprise only 15% of the country's 7 million blacks. The apparent frontrunner remains the left-leaning Mugabe, who seems likely to win a plurality of the black seats.

Whatever the result, Rhodesia's nationalist leaders were talking more in terms of compromise than of power last week. Soft-pedaling much of their earlier fiery propaganda, both Mugabe and Nkomo tried to calm white fears by promising government participation rather than full-scale nationalization of the industries and huge commercial farms that are the backbone of the country's economy. Such conciliatory talk has done little to reassure the whites; many of them were reportedly packing up to leave even before the first black vote was cast. And there were even grimmer rumblings of a white military coup or a return to all-out civil war.

Traveling through one of the blue zones last week, TIME Johannesburg Bureau Chief William McWhirter noted that the pro-Muzorewa forces could be as heavy-handed as Mugabe's followers. McWhirter's report:

Muzorewa addresses tribal rally

Offering free drinks and gifts.

"The casualties in this one tribal trust area in Midlands province have already filled one small mission hospital—21 beatings and three rapes. The apparent perpetrators: uniformed members of Muzorewa's auxiliaries who have moved in to enforce the bishop's political claim to the area, which was vacated by the guerrillas during the cease-fire. Local men have been picked up after Sunday Mass and taken away in trucks to be interrogated. The villagers no longer regard this as an election, but as an invasion. If this intimidation strategy does succeed in depriving the guerrillas of support in an area that was once their political stronghold, it will not only distort the results of Rhodesia's election; it will separate the people from their own leaders, and those leaders from any hope of a moderate solution." ■

CANADA

Trudeau's Triumphant Comeback

A bumbling image and an austerity budget beat Joe Clark

"Well," declared Pierre Elliott Trudeau, "welcome to the 1980s." As supporters cheered his triumph in Canada's national elections last week, a moist-eyed Trudeau stood on the podium in the same ballroom of Ottawa's Château Laurier hotel where he had conceded defeat last May after eleven years as Prime Minister. A mere three months ago, he had announced his impending retirement from public life, acknowledging that he was no longer the leader to rebuild his shattered party or shape its solutions to the problems confronting Canada in the new decade.

It was an astonishing political resurrection. As leader of the Liberal Party, Trudeau not only won back his old job but did so in a fashion that left him undisputed master of both the party and of Canada's 32nd Parliament. This time the political obituaries were being written about the Tory government of Joe Clark, who at 39 had been the country's youngest Prime Minister ever and head of one of its shortest-lived governments (6½ months). When the votes were tallied, Clark's Progressive Conservatives had dropped from 136 seats in the House of Commons to 103, while the Liberals increased their strength from 114 to 146. The socialist New Democrats picked up 32 seats, an increase of five; the Quebec-based Social Credit Party, which held five seats in the old Parliament, was wiped out.

The impressive Liberal tide began building in the four Atlantic provinces, then swept through the traditional Liberal bastion of Quebec, and into the industrial heartland of Ontario. By the time prairie voters turned on television to hear the results from the east, the Liberals had won 144 seats, two more than necessary to control the new House of Commons. From Manitoba west, however, the Liberals managed to win only two seats, thus leaving the country troublesomely divided along strict geographical lines.

The Tories went down to defeat dogged primarily by one issue: a proposed hike of 18¢ per gal. in gasoline taxes. The gas hike was the key article in the Tory budget that was rejected by Parliament last December—the immediate cause of elections. Said Secretary of State David MacDonald, one of three Clark ministers who lost their Commons seats: "There was a feeling we were administering castor oil; people never take very kindly to castor oil." Newfoundland's John Crosbie, the Finance Minister who conceived the budget, was bitter. Said he: "There has never been an election where you say to people, 'You should pay more,' and win."

Victorious Pierre Trudeau at post-election celebration

Defeated Joe Clark at campaign rally

Administering castor oil.

Voters were also turned off by Clark's uncertain leadership and his image as a malaprop-spouting bumbler. "The media have done a number on me," complained Clark. "I frankly wasn't paying too much attention to it." By the time the campaign began, the country was awash with Joe Clark jokes, many of them crude and unfair. (Which of those two fellows in Santa Claus suits is Joe Clark? Answer: The one handing out Easter eggs.) The jokes were only part of the problem. Far more serious were Clark's inexperience in economics and foreign policy, and a string of broken campaign commitments.

The most publicized fiasco was Clark's promise that he would move the Canadian embassy to Jerusalem from Tel Aviv, the city where most Western countries, including the U.S., maintain their diplomatic missions. Clark's proposal was calculated to attract Jewish votes in several key Toronto districts, but once in office he backed down after Arab nations threatened economic reprisals against Canada. A pledge to lower taxes also went by the board when the Tories belatedly concluded that this would add to the government's deficit and stimulate inflation. To get off the hook, Clark claimed that the Liberals had left the country's finances in worse shape than he had imagined.

In retrospect, Tory insiders cite two errors that brought Clark's government to its unexpectedly early demise. Explains one Tory: "We took far too long to get our act together." Elected in May, Clark did not summon Parliament until October, the biggest such delay by a newly elected government in Canadian history. Clark sensibly wanted to give his new ministers time to learn their way around the unfamiliar corridors of power, since the Tories had not been in office since 1963. But by the time Parliament met, the Tories were already plummeting in the polls.

A more serious miscalculation was Clark's early decision to "govern as if we had a majority," even though the Tories, with 136 seats out of the total of 282, were five short of parliamentary control. Confidently assuming that Trudeau's political career was over and that the Liberals would not dare risk an election with a lame-duck leader, Clark brought out a belt-tightening budget, which Finance Minister Crosbie described as "short-term pain for long-term gain." The Tories did not even attempt to obtain the support of the *Créditistes* or the New Democrats, which could have kept them in power. When the three opposition parties joined in backing a New Democrat motion of

no confidence after the budget had been presented, the Tories lost by three votes. Clark was forced into an election at a time when he was 20 points behind in the polls and when he had no choice but to campaign on a highly unpopular austerity budget.

Clark contended that his proposed total of $3.5 billion in tax increases was an essential step in bringing Ottawa's $11.2 billion spending deficit under control. He fought for his plan to raise the domestic price of oil by $4 a barrel from $13.75 this year. His goal, he said, was to encourage energy conservation as well as the development of new oil supplies. But the proposed oil price boost was seen in eastern Canada as a boondoggle for the oil producers of Clark's native Alberta. Ontario's Tory Premier William Davis publicly clashed with Clark, arguing that Alberta was going to be enriched at the expense of jobs and industry in Ontario. As a senior Liberal strategist put it, "Clark broke the first rule of minority governments—you do things for people, not to them."

Trudeau pledged in his campaign to abandon the recommended 18¢ tax as unfair to lower-income Canadians. Said he: "We would agree to a tough budget, but not one that is tough with the wrong people."

The former Prime Minister conducted a low-profile campaign, seeking to avoid arousing old antagonisms. He refused to debate Clark on television and held only one press conference. He managed to win without the endorsement of most of the country's major dailies (two exceptions: the Toronto *Star* and Montreal's *La Presse)* and over the objections of pundits who complained that he was running a cynical campaign by turning down requests for interviews and a television debate.

One immediate casualty of the election may be Clark's commitment to join the U.S. in boycotting the Moscow Olympics. Trudeau said that he would support the boycott only if it were backed by enough Western and Third World countries. Trudeau's major challenge will be to restore national unity. The first problem will be to reach an accommodation with Quebec, where a referendum on its future will probably be held in June. The governing *Parti Québécois* wants outright political sovereignty for the province; Quebec's resurgent Liberals propose an amendment that would give the province more autonomy but also keep it within Canada.

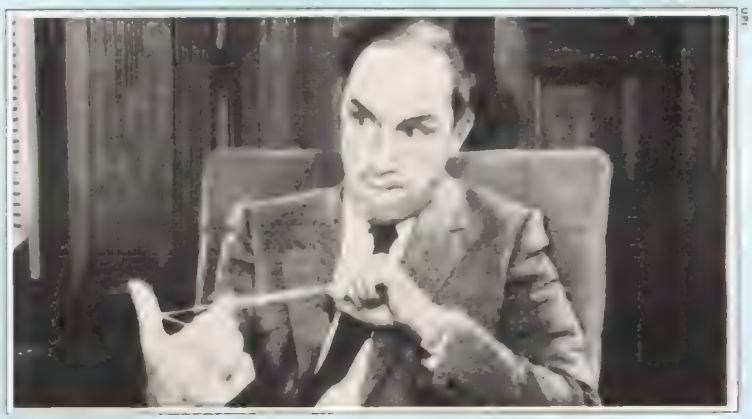
Beyond that, Trudeau must find a way to salve an alienated western Canada that now finds itself without effective representation in the federal government. As the Montreal *Gazette* editorialized last week, "Canadians have given Mr. Trudeau a rare chance to end his career on a high note of accomplishment, rather than the sour anticlimax of last spring's defeat. It is his last and perhaps his greatest challenge." ■

A Man with "Miles to Go"

For use on election nights, Pierre Trudeau usually has an apt quote in his pocket from the popular homily *Desiderata* ("Go placidly among the noise and haste"). But for his moment of triumph last week he borrowed from Robert Frost. As the cheers welled around him, the once and future Prime Minister quoted from *Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening:* "I have promises to keep, and miles to go before I sleep."

Only last December, Trudeau had decided to retire from politics and keep a personal promise to his three boys, Justin, 8, Sacha, 6, and Michel, 4, to move from Ottawa to Montreal. "I wanted to have some time, before I become too decrepit, for leading a personal life and seeing my kids grow up," he explained, after announcing his intention to step down as leader of the Liberal Party. "And for three weeks," he added, "I'd begun enjoying my new life." He had received a number of job offers, including an $80,000-a-year lectureship in the U.S. And though his estranged wife Margaret, 31, had bought a house in Ottawa and looked after the children during the campaign, friends say that there is almost no chance of a reconciliation.

Then came the unexpected fall of Joe Clark's Tory government. The Liberals had already set a date for a leadership convention in March, but rather than cobble together a hurried convention to choose a new leader, the party caucus and national executive decided that they would be better off drafting Trudeau. Some viewed his decision to quit the leadership as only a feint designed to lull the Tories into a false sense of security. But one friend insists that "he very genuinely was out, and only with very great difficulty made up his mind to come back."



Fun and games with a rubber band, as the winner returns to his Ottawa office

In announcing his decision to run again, Trudeau explained: "My duty is to accept the draft of my party. That duty was even stronger than my desire to reenter private life." Among the personal tugs, presumably, was an understandable desire not to go into history as a loser but to seek vindication for last May's defeat.

Now 60, Trudeau still cuts a trim, athletic figure, bounding up the marble steps to his office in the Parliament buildings or skating with his boys on the Rideau Canal (though younger members of his staff have taken to referring to him —in private, anyway—as "the old man"). While there was no rekindling of the flames of "Trudeaumania" during the campaign, he racked up an impressive personal victory in his home district of Mount Royal in Montreal. He won a total of nearly 36,000, or 82% of the vote. Even before election day, his hapless Tory opponent, Harry Bloomfield, conceded: "Trudeau is brilliant and incredibly attractive. I don't expect to win. I'm not nuts."

Having led his party to power for the fourth time, Trudeau also reclaims his title as the elder statesman among Western leaders. He is expected to play a larger international role and give his ministers ample leeway in tackling the country's domestic problems. In accepting his party's bid, Trudeau did make one provision: he will step down well before the next election—meaning in two to three years, or as Trudeau put it, after "I change the flow of things."

Ambition, of course, could change his mind again. Just before Clark's government fell, a friend approached Trudeau and told him, "I think you're going to defeat the government and then win the election." Trudeau demurred that, no, he had made up his mind to quit. "But you know," he added, "Gladstone didn't quit until he was 84."

Koliševski (right) with Fadil) Hodza, a colleague on the nine-member State Presidency

YUGOSLAVIA

Quiet Vigil for a Falling Hero

In some ways, the post-Tito era has already begun

Some came and stood outside in the cold, staring anxiously up at the windows of the modern, nine-story clinic. Others gathered in groups during the lunch hour to exchange murmured bits of gossip that might supplement the meager medical bulletins. Each day last week, small crowds huddled in front of the medical center in Ljubljana, the Slovenian capital, where Yugoslav President Josip Broz Tito continued to wage a formidable but apparently hopeless struggle for his life.

The vigil was one of the few perceptible signs of anxiety last week as Yugoslavs prepared for the inevitable. "I hope Tito will recover," said a high-ranking government official, "but we are aware that every man has to die." Television announcers were instructed to acquire appropriately dark suits. For three days, radio stations played only somber music, but then relaxed somewhat. Newspapers published the best-known utterances from Tito's 35-year rule, almost as though they were already posthumous.

After the amputation of his left leg on Jan. 20, to relieve a circulation blockage, the formidable 87-year-old patient at first appeared to be recovering strongly. Three weeks later, however, he suffered a severe relapse, with kidney failure and heart problems. Last week the terse bulletins issued by his team of eight Yugoslav doctors said his condition "continues to be grave," in spite of some response to "necessary measures of intensive treatment." Those measures included kidney dialysis. Then late in the week, he contracted pneumonia.

In some ways, the post-Tito era appeared to have already begun. The complex machinery of succession, based on a collective rather than one-man leadership, had automatically gone into effect following Tito's hospitalization. At the head of the nine-member committee-like State Presidency was current Vice President Lazar Koliševski, 66, a mild-mannered Macedonian who would become the country's first interim President upon Tito's death. He would serve until May, when another committee member would take over. Tito's functions as party chief were carried out by the current chairman of the 24-member Presidium of the ruling Yugoslav League of Communists, Stevan Doronjski, 60, a colorless Tito loyalist from Vojvodina province. Both Koliševski and Doronjski had traveled to Ljubljana two weeks ago to visit with Tito at his bedside; it was announced that they attended a special meeting of the State Presidency to discuss what were described as "organizational issues" and "issues of constitutional jurisdiction."

The new leadership was obviously intent on giving the lie to fearful Western prophecies that after Tito—by force or subterfuge—Yugoslavia might be yanked back into the Soviet orbit. Following a special session of the 28-member National Defense Council, military leaders spoke confidently of "a high degree of combat readiness in the country." Since mid-January, Defense Minister Nikola Ljubičić has kept the 259,000-strong armed forces on low-level alert and ordered the stand-ready notification of the country's 500,000 reservists.

Despite a recent tour of Eastern Europe by Marshal Viktor Kulikov, commander in chief of the Warsaw Pact forces, there were no indications of unusual Soviet troop movements. That seemed to reinforce the prevailing view among Western experts that an outright military invasion of post-Tito Yugoslavia is unlikely, especially as long as the Soviet army is otherwise occupied. Concluded a Western military analyst: "Moscow is still looking to Afghanistan, not Yugoslavia." ■

MIDDLE EAST

Israel's "House"

And Cairo's worries

The Star of David flew above Cairo last week, though few Egyptians seemed to take much notice. While a group of 50 American tourists cheered, Israel opened an embassy in a two-story residence at 23 Mohieddin Abu el Ezz under the terms of its peace treaty with Egypt. "From this moment," said Syrian-born Chargé d'Affaires Yosef Hadass, 52, who spoke to the small crowd in Hebrew, Arabic and English, "Israel has its house in Egypt, and within a few days, Egypt will have its house in Israel."

Though they opened their own embassy in Tel Aviv later in the week, the Egyptians could hardly have been less enthusiastic. Said one Cairo official who did not attend the ceremony: "We're not ready to celebrate anything right now, with the situation as it is in Gaza and the West Bank." Translation: Egypt is unhappy with the lack of progress to date in the nine-month-old Palestinian autonomy talks and does not wish to make other Arab nations any angrier over the Egyptian-Israeli peace than they are already.

Egypt, specifically, is upset about the Israeli Cabinet's decision to grant Jews the right to settle in the heart of the West Bank Arab town of Hebron. Thus far, most of the Jewish settlements in the West Bank and Gaza have been located in rural areas or on the outskirts of Arab population centers; the Hebron decision understandably inflamed the Palestinian Arabs. Referring to Israel's settlements policy, Egyptian President Anwar Sadat said that he was "sad but optimistic" and expressed the hope that the Israeli government would "drop all these difficulties they are putting on the road to peace." But Cairo's influential daily *al Ahram* has sharply criticized Israel's Ambassador-designate Eliahu Ben-Elissar, who is due to arrive in Cairo this week, for proclaiming that neither Egypt nor the U.S. can tell Israelis where they can and cannot live.

Sadat was also concerned over some other disturbing Middle East developments. In Lebanon, there was more sporadic fighting as the result of Syria's decision to withdraw most of its peacekeeping forces from Beirut. With the Syrian troops out, the Lebanese civil war may break out again, after an uneasy three-year truce.

Tensions in Beirut rose at week's end when a parked automobile exploded near the passing car of Bashir Gemayel, military commander of the Christian Phalangists. Gemayel was not in his car; but the blast, apparently the work of a rival Christian faction, killed his two-year-old daughter and seven others.

Also disturbing was news from Saudi Arabia that King Khalid, 67, had collapsed while hunting in the desert and

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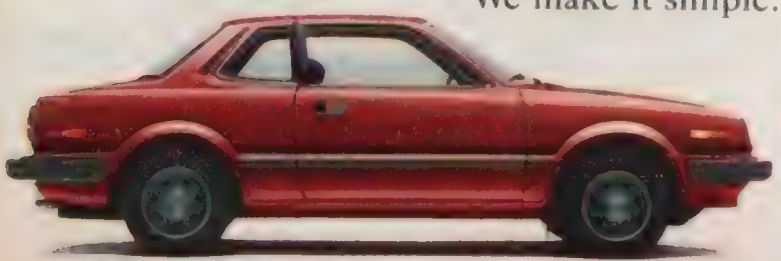

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Hadass outside Israel's new embassy

The Egyptians were not enthusiastic.

had been flown to a hospital in Riyadh. Khalid underwent open-heart surgery in Cleveland in 1972 and 1978, and there were reports last week that he had suffered a serious heart attack. If Khalid were to die, he would presumably be succeeded by Crown Prince Fahd, and Saudi policies would remain much the same. But any political change could be unsettling in a country that is already in a state of jitters following the revolution in Iran and the seizure of the Sacred Mosque in Mecca by Muslim dissidents last November. At week's end Khalid received a group of Saudi religious leaders at his hospital bedside in order that, as the state radio put it, they might be "reassured about his health." ■

HISTORICAL NOTE

Prison Memoir

Eichmann's plea for a reprieve

"The Gods I worshiped demanded the dance of death. I had no choice, and whoever claims otherwise is a liar." So wrote Adolf Eichmann, after his four-month 1961 trial in Israel, as he attempted to justify his role in the wartime deaths of millions of Jews. The onetime SS officer who was chiefly responsible for carrying out the Final Solution of the Third Reich's "Jewish problem" even insisted that he was not anti-Semitic. Eichmann had made that claim somewhat obliquely in court and more directly in a lengthy "confession" to a German journalist that was published by LIFE in 1960. He repeated that disavowal in a little-known, long suppressed personal memoir that is now coming to light. Declared Eichmann: "The Holocaust was the greatest crime in history. I was never taken in by the mysticism of Nazi ideology. My views never matched the official line. I could never identify with the objectives of national socialism. I always had doubts."

These statements disavowing Nazism are contained in a rambling account of his life that Eichmann wrote in prison while awaiting the results of an appeal of his conviction. (The appeal was rejected by Israel's Supreme Court, and on May 31, 1962, he was executed by hanging.) The apparent purpose of his memoir was to bolster his chances of a reprieve and to arouse public sympathy. Eichmann asked his defense attorney, Robert Servatius, to seek permission for its publication. The trial prosecutor, Gideon Hausner, refused; then Premier David Ben-Gurion ordered that the manuscript be suppressed for 15 years and placed in the state archives. Its existence was known to only a few people.

Portions of the memoir will be contained in an updated Hebrew edition of Hausner's 1966 book on the trial, *Justice in Jerusalem*, which will be published in Israel this March. Hausner, who is now chairman of the Yad Vashem memorial to Holocaust victims in Jerusalem, feels the entire manuscript should not be published on the grounds that it is rambling, repetitive and stuffed with what he calls the typical Nazi "jargon of violence." Besides, adds Israel's former Attorney General, "I felt that Eichmann had ample opportunity to make his defense during the trial, and did not feel that we owed him any other platform."

Eichmann hears the verdict of his judges

Reflecting on the dance of death.

Nonetheless, the excerpts that Hausner does include contain some interesting tidbits. Although Eichmann, prior to his arrest, had proudly professed his allegiance to Hitler, he warns in his memoir "against following idols, like the parched bones drying up in the desert." The warning was directed to both the next generation—"The youth of the world should unite. The adults failed"—and to women —"Maybe women should be entrusted with the responsibility for the world because they are led by emotion and not by intellect. Maybe they would do better than we did." Eichmann also discloses that he had been ordered to check out the racial origins of the "Diet Chief," the code name for Hitler's mistress, Eva Braun. It was discovered that Braun was one thirty-second Jewish

Hausner gives no credibility to Eichmann's prison denials. "I don't believe him when he says he is not anti-Semitic. We have evidence of his own acts. And we have other private remarks of his in which he gives vent to his feeling that he would have been happy if all 11.3 million Jews had been exterminated."

Meanwhile, the exposure of Eichmann's co-workers continues. In Cologne, three former Gestapo agents—one the mayor of a Bavarian town—were convicted of deporting 73,000 French Jews and Communists to Nazi concentration camps. The longest sentence given was for twelve years. During the 18-week trial, which was attended by dozens of angry survivors of Auschwitz and Treblinka, the defendants denied knowing at the time the real purpose of the death camps. They were imprisoned last week while a higher court heard their appeals. ■

ARMAMENTS

Who Set It Off?

Still a nuclear mystery

On Sept. 22, 1979, a U.S. intelligence satellite, passing over a remote expanse of ocean between South Africa and Antarctica, detected an intense double burst of light in the atmosphere lasting less than a second. After a month of preliminary study, the U.S. announced that it had "an indication" that a "low-yield nuclear explosion" had taken place. The big question: Who had set off whatever went off?

The most plausible culprit was initially thought to be South Africa. Pretoria denied the charge, as well as a subsequent rumor that the South Africans had been testing a tactical weapon for their fleet of Israeli-designed missile boats. Last week CBS News reported another possibility: the light burst had been caused by an Israeli nuclear test conducted with the "help and cooperation" of South Africa. The report, which was based on an unpublished book by two Israeli former journalists, was immediately dismissed by Jerusalem as "complete nonsense" and by Pretoria as "ridiculous." Washington said it had no evidence either way—and had not ruled out the possibility that the light burst had been caused by some kind of natural phenomenon.

Israel and South Africa do cooperate on certain military matters, perhaps including nuclear ones. But in this case, the denials from Jerusalem made sense. For one thing, Israel is capable of conducting its own nuclear tests in the Negev desert without South African help. For another, Israel's primary nuclear need would be for relatively small, "clean" weapons that could be tested underground within Israel's borders—and, indeed, probably have been. ■

The Wages of "Faithlessness"

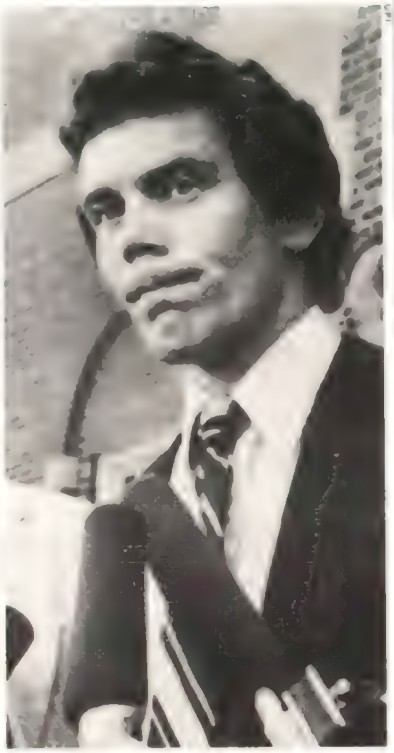
High court plugs a leak—and gets a flood of criticism

Frank W. Snepp III was one of the last Americans to be evacuated by helicopter from the roof of the U.S. embassy in Saigon in the frantic hours before the city's fall on April 30, 1975. Snepp, then 31 and a senior analyst for the Central Intelligence Agency, with 4½ years experience in Viet Nam, thought the agency's withdrawal planning had been shockingly inept, particularly in that hundreds of local CIA collaborators were simply left behind to meet whatever fate awaited them. After he returned to Washington, where he was awarded the agency's Medal of Merit, he quit to write *Decent Interval*, a critical account of the CIA's performance during South Viet Nam's final days, published in 1977.

But in making the switch from agent to tattletale author, Snepp made a mistake: he ignored the written pledge that CIA employees make never to publish "any information" about the organization without submitting it for prior review. Last week, in a toughly worded ruling, the Supreme Court slammed Snepp hard for his transgression. By a 6-3 vote, the court ruled that the CIA secrecy pledge is very much a legally enforceable contract. In their terse nine-page opinion, Chief Justice Warren Burger and the other five men in the majority noted that Snepp had "deliberately" violated his "obligation" to his former employer, and that the Government was well within its rights to sue him for breach of contract. Moreover, said the majority, a lower court had acted perfectly properly in ordering Snepp to "disgorge the benefits of his faithlessness." That meant Snepp had to turn over all of the money he had made ($115,000 so far) from *Decent Interval*.

Snepp, the son of a North Carolina state judge, had signed two secrecy agreements during his eight years with the CIA. But when the CIA demanded to see his manuscript, Snepp refused. He maintained that he was obliged to submit only classified or nonpublic information. And his book, he insisted, contained none—a fact conceded even by the CIA. The agency, which has been troubled by the spy-and-tell books of another former agent, Philip Agee, decided to take Snepp to court to show that the secrecy pledge was not to be trifled with.

In 1978 a federal district court judge in Virginia, Oren Lewis, granted an injunction barring Snepp from writing anything else about the CIA without clearance; Lewis also ordered Snepp to forfeit his "ill-gotten gains" from *Decent Interval*. Last year an appeals court was only slightly more sympathetic to Snepp's pleas. It upheld the injunction and gave its blessing to some form of financial penalty—but not to confiscation of Snepp's earnings. Still not satisfied, Snepp decided to appeal to the Supreme Court on the grounds that the prior-clearance requirement impinged on his First Amendment right of free speech.



Former CIA Agent Frank Snepp

Slammed for breach of contract.

In its decision last week, however, the majority chose to decide the case as a question of contractual obligations and rejected Snepp's First Amendment argument. The court said that the CIA had a need to impose "reasonable restrictions" on its employees, since confidentiality is "so essential to the effective operation of our foreign intelligence service."

The decision triggered a storm of protest, some of which came from the high bench itself. The three dissenting Justices, John Paul Stevens, Thurgood Marshall and William Brennan, blasted the majority for "the uninhibited character of today's exercise in lawmaking." Stevens, a Ford appointee who has a mixed voting record in freedom of speech cases, wrote that in endorsing the confiscation, the court had fashioned a "drastic" new remedy to enforce "a species of prior restraint on a citizen's right to criticize his Government." There is an inherent risk, he said, "that the reviewing agency will misuse its authority to delay the publication of a critical work or to persuade an author to modify the contents of his work beyond the demands of secrecy."

Many experts on constitutional law were equally concerned. Columbia Law Professor Benno Schmidt, who believes that the CIA should indeed be able to protect its secrets, pointed out that the Supreme Court's procedure in *Snepp* was highly unusual in view of its potential impact: the court did not hear oral arguments or request full briefs. Moreover, says Schmidt, Congress has repeatedly declined to impose secrecy obligations on CIA agents, and, until it does, the courts have no business putting judicial sanctions behind Executive Branch secrecy policies.

Schmidt, like other *Snepp* decision critics, is concerned that the ruling may eventually be interpreted as imposing a "fiduciary obligation" on any Government employee not to reveal confidential information, even when no explicit secrecy pledge is involved. Says Schmidt: "This is a notion that is quite foreign to our system and goes well beyond matters of national security. It would apply to law clerks on the Supreme Court, for instance, or to people in the Interior Department." Ultimately, some fear, the result might be the *de facto* establishment of something like the Official Secrets acts in Britain and Canada, which are written broadly enough to make it a crime for someone to disclose any government document without permission.

At the very least, many experts say, *Snepp* could prompt many more agencies to adopt secrecy agreements (at present, the CIA, the FBI and the Defense Intelligence Agency insist on prepublication review, while several other departments and agencies require certain employees not to disclose confidential information). In any case, *Snepp* is bound to have a "chilling effect" on civil servants who may want to write about wrongs they see in Government. Says Yale Law School Professor Thomas Emerson: "The decision could practically silence all Government employees. And what of all the memoir writers—Kissinger, Nixon, L.B.J.? Will they be sued?"

Justice Department attorneys respond that fears about *Snepp's* being a loose cannon periling the First Amendment rights of all sorts of people are greatly exaggerated. Eric Richard, a Justice expert on national security questions, says the ruling should give the chills only to those in jobs involving national security "who are out to make a profit" on the information they have. Some court watchers speculate mischievously that one reason the Justices were so eager to lower the boom on Frank Snepp was that they have been irked by *The Brethren*, the gossipy, inside the Su-

preme Court book by Bob Woodward and Scott Armstrong; many of the anecdotes about the Justices' professional habits and private foibles came from talkative young law clerks.

As for Snepp, he has just finished a novel about the CIA and John Kennedy's assassination, tentatively called *Convergence of Interest*. "It is based on fact," he claims, "but not on anything I learned in the agency." Snepp says he has not yet decided whether he should let the CIA see it first.

■ ■ ■

The Supreme Court issued two other important rulings last week. One ordered the resumption of federal financing of some abortions. The second hamstrings private university faculties that wish to unionize.

The abortion ruling was actually very limited. The Justices simply voted, 6-3, to let stand, at least temporarily, a January decision by a federal district court that struck down the so-called Hyde Amendment. The court also agreed to hear this spring an appeal of that lower court decision and decide for itself whether the amendment is constitutional. Passed in 1976, after a vigorous lobbying campaign by abortion foes, this law, in its latest form, prohibits the Federal Government from using Medicaid money to pay for abortions for poor people, except when pregnancy puts the woman's life in danger or when she has been a victim of rape or incest. Under Hyde, only some 2,000 to 3,000 women a year obtained federally paid-for abortions. With the new ruling, eligibility is extended to Medicaid recipients whose doctors say that termination of pregnancy is "medically necessary." By some estimates, this could push the number of welfare abortions as high as 470,000 annually.

The ruling on faculty unions, though binding only on New York City's 4,000-student Yeshiva University, will almost certainly brake efforts to organize instructors at the nation's 1,600 private institutions of higher learning. During the past decade, bargaining units have been set up on about 80 private campuses. By a 5-4 vote, the court decided that Yeshiva's teachers are managers rather than employees and thus should not have been granted full union rights by the National Labor Relations Board. (Since the N.L.R.B. has no control over the U.S.'s 1,400 public universities, the 300 or so bargaining units formed at such schools are unaffected by the ruling.) The majority noted that faculty members "effectively" determine curriculum, grading systems and admission standards, all of which are managerial functions. It was unimpressed by the argument that, since professors are largely powerless to do anything about lagging salary scales, rising teaching loads and postponed tenure decisions, they should be classified as employees. The decision was good news for cash-strapped administrators, who fear that unionization could lead to budget-breaking increases in faculty salaries and benefits. ■

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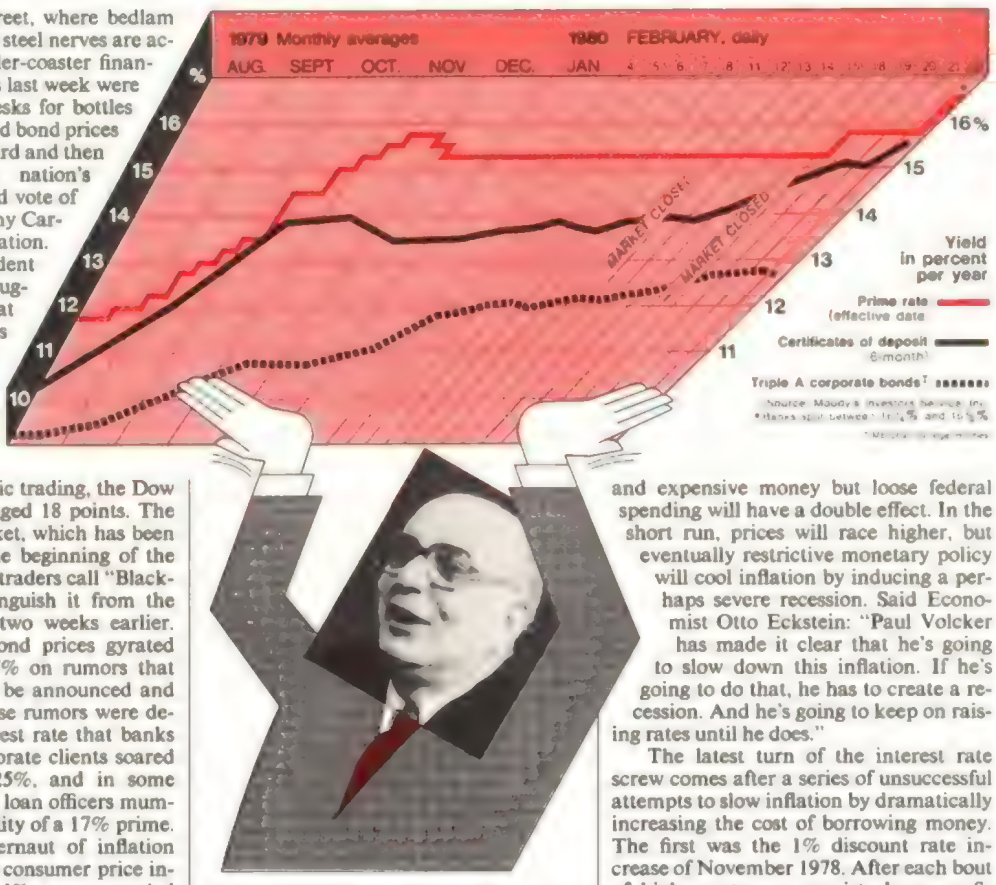
Raising the Interest Ceiling

As inflation zooms, the clamor for controls grows louder

Even on Wall Street, where bedlam often reigns and steel nerves are accustomed to roller-coaster financial markets, investors last week were reaching into their desks for bottles of Valium. As stock and bond prices plunged, limped forward and then dropped again, the nation's moneymen cast a solid vote of no confidence in Jimmy Carter's battle against inflation. Fearful that the President had abandoned the struggle with high prices at least until after this year's election, nervous brokers and bankers scrambled to protect their money from inflation's scourge.



In one day of hectic trading, the Dow Jones industrials plunged 18 points. The New York bond market, which has been in a free fall since the beginning of the year, lost 4% on what traders call "Blacker Tuesday," to distinguish it from the "Black Tuesday" of two weeks earlier. Later in the week bond prices gyrated wildly, shooting up 7% on rumors that credit controls would be announced and then falling when those rumors were denied. The prime interest rate that banks charge their top corporate clients soared from 15.25% to 16.25%, and in some banks to 16.5%, while loan officers mumbled about the possibility of a 17% prime. Meanwhile, the juggernaut of inflation continued to roll. The consumer price index in January rose 1.4%, a compounded annual rate of 18.2%, the highest level in more than six years. Wage and Price Stability Director R. Robert Russell admitted that the nation's underlying inflation rate is now "starting to explode."

Last week's soupçon of financial panic was set off by the Federal Reserve's move two weeks ago to increase the discount rate, the interest price charged member banks, to 13%. Before the current inflation wave, that figure had never been higher than 8%. Banks immediately raised their own loan rates, driving mortgage levels, for example, from 13.25% to 14% in California.

Even before last week's moves, home building was already being battered by high mortgage costs. Housing starts in January dropped 6% to an annual rate of 1.4 million, the lowest level since July 1976. The Far West, Rocky Mountain and Southern regions are expected to suffer the sharpest housing decline.

Small companies, which often pay banks 17% or 18% interest, are also being severely hit. Moaned Bank of America Vice President Cecil Byrd: "The effect of these rates on loan applications from small business is tremendous. Applications have so fallen off that officers accustomed to having a backlog of ten to 15 loans are down to two or three."

Bankers and economists reacted so strongly last week out of conviction that the Carter Administration has left the Federal Reserve to fight the inflation battle alone through higher interest rates. Said Alan Greenspan, onetime economic adviser to Gerald Ford: "The market looked at the President's budget and saw that the fiscal restraint was all rhetoric and no reality."

An anti-inflation policy based on tight and expensive money but loose federal spending will have a double effect. In the short run, prices will race higher, but eventually restrictive monetary policy will cool inflation by inducing a perhaps severe recession. Said Economist Otto Eckstein: "Paul Volcker has made it clear that he's going to slow down this inflation. If he's going to do that, he has to create a recession. And he's going to keep on raising rates until he does."

The latest turn of the interest rate screw comes after a series of unsuccessful attempts to slow inflation by dramatically increasing the cost of borrowing money. The first was the 1% discount rate increase of November 1978. After each bout of higher rates, economists have confidently predicted recession and lower inflation, but bankers and the public have quickly adapted to the higher level, and prices have soared still higher.

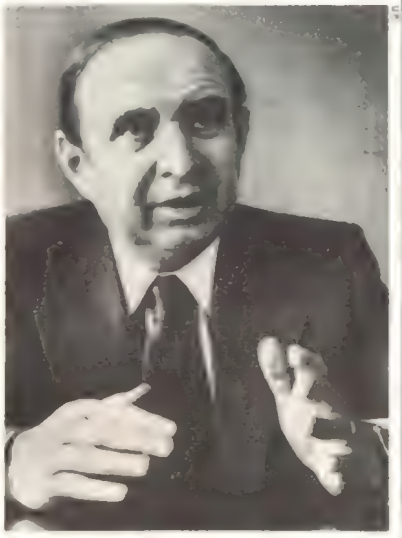
With interest now far above previous levels, Volcker and the Federal Reserve are in uncharted territory, trying to figure out just how tight money must be in order to slow price increases. Innovative financial instruments like money market funds have so outmoded the tools of monetary policy that the Federal Reserve is like a guide lost without a compass.

Meanwhile, calls for more dramatic anti-inflation moves from the Carter Administration, especially for wage and price controls, grow louder. Chairman of the House Banking Committee Henry Reuss now says that such a step would be accepted by Congress, if taken in connection with other tough economic moves. He added, though, that he still opposed man-

datory regulations if they were only added "on top of the present nonpolicy."

Some business leaders are likewise beginning to favor controls under certain conditions. In 1971 business's endorsement of a price freeze was a significant stimulus to President Nixon's decision to take that step. Last week the highly respected Henry Kaufman, a partner in Salomon Bros. who often serves as Wall Street's Dutch uncle, called for the declaration of a "national economic emergency." Said he: "We are in a quagmire from which it will be hard to extricate ourselves without substantial risks and pain. The question is 'Do we have the will and the wisdom to face down inflation?' " Kaufman urged a reduction in the growth of nondefense spending to 6% to 7% annually from the current 16%, direct limits on the creation of domestic credit, establishment of a commission to study rebuilding the U.S. economy and "simple mandatory controls that would be of some marginal transitional help." Like Reuss, he supports wage-price restrictions only if buttressed by a comprehensive anti-inflation program.

The Carter Administration, however, shows few signs of shifting from its current election-year program, which consists of little more than monitoring the upward march of prices. A number of policy options, such as spending cuts in the recently unveiled 1981 budget and selected credit controls, have been quietly discussed and then dismissed as politically too risky. Chief Economic Adviser Charles Schultze last week repeated his opposition to mandatory wage and price restrictions, saying they would not help inflation and are "likely to cause harm to the economy." As the presidential campaign grows hotter, the electorate will doubtless demand dramatic action on bread and butter issues—like the rising price of bread and butter. ■



Henry Kaufman of Salomon Bros.
Risks and pain and a national emergency.

Handicaps in the Hiring

Constricted job interviews leave many questions unasked

How old are you? Are you healthy? Have you ever been arrested for any crime? Do your religious beliefs make it difficult for you to work on Fridays, weekends or holidays? Do you have or are you planning to have children?

Like private detectives, corporate hiring officers are paid to be nosy. But many interview questions, like all those listed above, are now effectively off limits in job interviews. Personnel officials must manage to avoid sometimes sensitive subjects like race, religion, marital status and arrest records, or risk discrimination charges and perhaps endless legal battles. Since the mid-1960s, the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission (EEOC), and federal courts have

so confined companies in a mass of dos and don'ts that about the only totally safe question to ask a potential employee is "Would you like a cup of coffee?"

Employers can still legally ask anything they want, but they had better have a good reason for posing the question. If any subjects deemed unrelated to the job opening are broached and the rejected job applicant files a complaint, the burden of proving that there has been no age, sex, race or other discrimination rests with the company. However valid and substantial the reasons for not hiring that individual may be, the EEOC considers the employer guilty until he is proved innocent. In a series of precedent-setting cases over the past 15 years, federal courts have severely limited the area open to a prying interrogator.

An interviewer, for example, can ask about physical handicaps if the job involves manual labor, but not otherwise. The level of English language proficiency and educational requirements can be set for a secretary but not for a truck driver. Age can be specified, but only if an employer is seeking, for example, a child fashion model.

Some corporations report that the EEOC's edicts are not all that onerous and have actually improved hiring procedures by concentrating attention on the qualifications that count. Says James Cameron, vice president of personnel for Levi Strauss in San Francisco: "If the rules have had any effect, it has been to make us better interviewers. Those questions we used to ask were really extraneous." Robert Stenberg, equal employment planning manager for Ford in Dearborn, Mich., agrees that the guidelines have "sharpened our sensitivities and helped us focus on the criteria critical to the proper selection of people."

The interview guidelines, though, can be contradictory. "We cannot ask someone applying for a teller's job whether they have ever been arrested," bemoans a senior hiring executive of one Manhattan bank. "We can ask if they have ever been convicted of the crimes of breach of trust or theft because they are considered relevant to the job. But we cannot ask about rape or murder convictions because you cannot show a relationship between those and the job qualifications." Larry Vickery, director of employment relations for General Motors, joked that affirmative action guidelines are so complex that a company "might as well hire sight unseen on a quota basis."

Employing a new worker in blissful ignorance can sometimes be costly. Explains Herbert Cunningham, vice president for Administration of San Francisco's Transamerica Corp.: "One of our subsidiaries once hired a woman as a typist, only to discover later that she had progressive arthritis in her fingers. There was nothing to do but pay her medical bills." The new employee was soon collecting full disability pay.

■ ■ ■

Those who violate equal employment opportunity laws can expect to receive harsh punishment. Because Dante DiGaetano's suburban Philadelphia construction firm (total employees: one carpenter and one laborer) did not hire a woman to work on a federal contract project, the company has been ordered by the Department of Labor to follow 43 separate compliance and paper-work requirements. These include the appointment of an EEO officer and the submission of monthly "employment utilization" reports on federal form CC257. ■

World Bankers Juggle the Huge Oil Debts

OPEC is flush with money, while the developing nations go deeper into the hole

Is the wobbly world of international finance and banking about to be buried under a mountain of endlessly multiplying petrodollars? Almost from the moment that oil prices first began shooting up six years ago, bankers, businessmen and government officials have been asking themselves that question. Now, with petroleum prices once again rising steeply, the issue is cropping up anew; and this time the implications are scarier than ever.

Leading finance men, including former West German Bundesbank President Otmar Emminger, warn of bad trouble looming ahead. Chase Bank Chairman David Rockefeller says with a nautical flair: "What we see ahead are treacherous economic seas and gale-force financial winds, strong enough to capsize even large, well-manned ships." Former British Chancellor of the Exchequer Denis Healey paints a chilling future in which soaring oil prices could all too easily threaten bankruptcy for entire nations, forcing them to default on loans to Western banks. This, he says, "could bring the whole international banking system crashing down."

The worst-case scenario: a country with sky-high oil debts defaults on its loans to a major bank, causing that bank, and eventually others as well, to fail. Financial panic then spreads around the globe, bringing world trade and commerce to a crawl, much as happened during the Great Depression.

Denis Healey

In fact, such an apocalyptic outcome seems to be highly unlikely, at least any time soon. But the oil price surge of 1979, which has sent the worldwide cost of crude leaping by more than 100%, to $30 per bbl., is placing unexpected new pressure on international banking and financial institutions. This oil-debt game is being played out in the arcane and complex world of international finance. There, large multinational banks such as the U.S.'s Chase Manhattan and Citibank, West Germany's Dresdner and Britain's Barclay perform two vital and interrelated functions. Operating largely from London's money center, the big financial institutions have first of all provided a safe and secure place for Croesus-rich oil exporters, particularly Kuwait, the United Arab Emirates and Saudi Arabia, to park their unspent petroprofits, which by now amount to over $90 billion. The security and peace of mind that comes from feeling that their money is safe in these banks have been crucial factors in encouraging oil sheiks to go on pumping and selling more crude than they really need to. This in turn has helped keep the global energy pinch from getting any worse than it already is.

Otmar Emminger

Equally important, the banks have also been ready and willing lenders to the cash-strapped countries of the developing world, which have been hardest hit by the remorseless rise in energy costs. Unlike the industrial nations, which have so far been able to cover much, if not all, of their oil import costs by boosting exports, Third World nations, for instance, Turkey, Peru and Zaïre, have not even been able to come close. Of the $348 billion in Third World loans expected to be built up by the end of this year, $190 billion have been provided by commercial banks. The rest comes from government agencies and institutions like the International Monetary Fund (IMF).

Following the first surge of OPEC prices in 1973-74, the international banking system performed smoothly enough. The oil producers deposited their new wealth in the banks, which loaned the money back out to petroleum importing nations, especially rapidly industrializing ones, among them Brazil, South Korea and Taiwan.

The financial system's problem with OPEC's staggering new wealth was also partially solved by the oil producers' buying spree in the West. Out of the $893 billion earned by the 13 OPEC members since 1973, some $660 billion have been spent on everything from building new airports and steel mills to buying gold. Beverly Hills real estate and Mercedes-Benz limousines. The deposed Shah of Iran, for example, spent $14 billion of his nation's vast oil income, from 1972 to 1978, on sophisticated U.S. military hardware. Partly as a result of these heavy purchases, the annual OPEC surplus that was left over after purchases in the West were paid for shrank from $68 billion in 1974 to only $7 billion in 1978.

Last year's mammoth increases in oil prices, however, again put OPEC members in the comfortable position of having more cash than they knew what to do with. The cartel's surplus rose nearly tenfold in 1979 to $69 billion, and may this year grow by anywhere from $75 billion to $100 billion more.

Henry Wallich

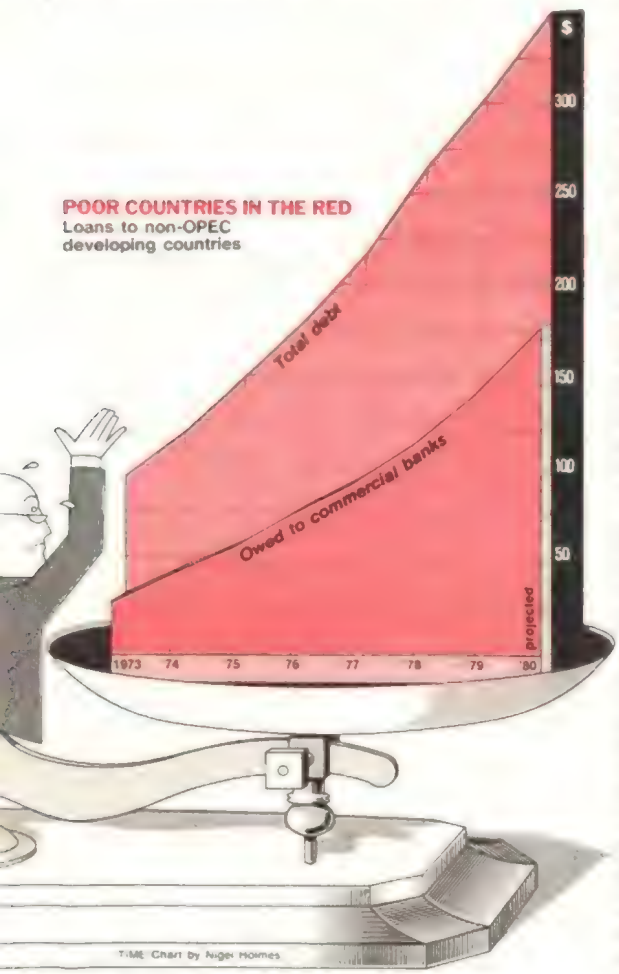
But this time around the oil producers are less inclined either to go on an industrial world buying splurge or to put their money in the bank. Having seen the Shah's fate following his nouveau riche expenditures, the leaders of Kuwait and Saudi Arabia are having second thoughts about rapid development that might shatter their nations' social structures. Jimmy Carter's seizure three months ago of Iranian assets and deposits in all the branches of U.S. banks has also raised questions within OPEC about just how safe the petro-profits are in any bank. These factors have become strong arguments for holding oil production low and leaving as much crude as possible in the ground. Some OPEC members argue vehemently that petroleum under the sand is more valuable than cash in the bank.

Meanwhile, bankers are growing worried about whether they can continue endlessly lending money to the Third World. Indeed, 17% of all foreign exchange earned by the poor countries goes just to pay interest and carrying charges on their loans. Warns Investment Banker Anthony Lund in London: "Over the next five years the number of default-prone countries is bound to increase. Life will become very difficult for certain borrowers and their lenders."

Some American banks may have to restrict lending to developing countries no matter what happens. That is because U.S. laws prevent financial institutions from loaning out more than 10% of their capital to any one borrower.

David Rockefeller

Not surprisingly, bank officers are beginning to draw grim little circles around those areas of the globe that they no longer consider good credit risks. Reports TIME's European economic correspondent Friedel Ungeheuer from Brussels: "In black Africa, no nation with the possible exception of Nigeria, an oil exporter, is still considered a good credit bet. Apart from Singapore, New Zealand, Australia, Taiwan, and Malaysia, all of the Far East is out. In South America, only Brazil and Venezuela, another major oil producer, can still count on jumbo loans. For most of the developing world, the borrowing spree is just about over."



In theory, IMF could probably step in and handle the job of the world's lender of last resort. The fund already has some $40 billion in credits available to help poor nations pay their oil bills. This bankroll is scheduled to be boosted to $60 billion later this year.

But the developing countries tend to shun loans from the IMF because of the stringent repayment and budget-cutting conditions that come along with the money. Nor does the fund seem prepared to ease back on its tough lending conditions. Says one official flatly: "IMF loans are usually harsh but essential to get a country that borrows them out of the economic mess that it is in. While I think that there will be tremendous pressure on the fund to ease off a bit, doing so would clearly be wrong."

Though a number of stopgap solutions are being proposed for the present squeeze, the one that makes the most sense is also the one that bankers and government officials agree has the least chance of being adopted. This is Federal Reserve Governor Henry Wallich's proposal to have the OPEC oil exporters that hold the surpluses make loans directly to Third World borrowers. Says a piqued U.S. official: "I'm not at all sure that we should encourage either banks or the IMF to recycle those funds. We should let developing nations deal with OPEC itself. That way, the blame for higher oil prices and balance of payments injuries can get directed where it belongs—at the cartel—and not at the intermediaries in the process."

In fact, bankers are unlikely to cut off Third World borrowers entirely, no matter how low their credit worthiness sinks. Brazil alone, for example, already owes an incredible $52 billion in foreign loans, and will need to borrow several billion more during 1980. But the world's largest multinational banks have little real choice but to go ahead and extend the required credits, whether they like it or not. Without such loans, Brazil might be forced to default on payments that it already owes, and the banks could lose the billions borrowed so far. The banks and the debtors are thus in many ways hostages of each other.

Last week Brazil's Planning Minister Antônio Netto visited New York and Washington, trying to convince bankers and Government officials that his government was following sound economic policies and that it deserved continued international credit.

A.W. Clausen

World bankers and Finance Ministers will face a tense period as they attempt to muddle through the next few years of growing OPEC wealth and growing Third World indebtedness. New York Investment Banker Felix Rohatyn with grave concern calls the situation a "highly unstable base for our system." Banks will undoubtedly have to "roll over" or refinance some debts, just as many strapped households consolidate their old loans. David Rockefeller and Bank of America President A.W. Clausen also stress that the IMF will have to carry a heavier share of Third World borrowing, especially from the poorest countries like Zaïre. With some carefully formulated borrowing from the rich in order to lend to the poor, the world's financial system should withstand this severe test. ■

Lloyd's Losses

Wrecks, fires and lawsuits

At one end of the cavernous "room," as the main trading hall of Lloyd's of London is called, a clerk still enters (with a quill pen) the names of newly sunk vessels in an upright ledger that, in past years, has held the names of the *Titanic* and the *Lusitania*. Above hangs the Lutine bell, salvaged from a Lloyd's-insured British frigate, which tolls to announce a maritime loss or other disaster. That bell should perhaps now be pealing for the venerable insurance institution itself.

In the exchange's 293-year history, the members of the 403 separate risk-taking Lloyd's syndicates have insured countless ships and just about everything else from satellites to the Loch Ness monster and Betty Grable's legs. They even underwrote for $1 million the bust of a San Francisco striptease dancer billed as "Treasure Chest West."

But the institution, founded in a London coffee shop owned by Edward Lloyd in 1687, will need all its ingenuity and eye for new business to face its current problems. Lloyd's is hurting financially because of some staggering insurance claims, and is torn by a bitter in-house lawsuit. Because of the strife, Lloyd's new chairman, Peter Green, 55, told TIME that he now intends to ask the British Parliament this year to pass a new act governing the insurance exchange. This would be the first significant new legislation covering Lloyd's since 1871.

The exchange's doorman

The rush to change Lloyd's ways stems largely from the hard times some of the syndicates making up the insurance exchange suddenly face. Although professional underwriters on the trading-room floor assess the risks and set policy premiums, all profits and losses are shared evenly through the syndicate, much as in a partnership. These groups range in size from 20 to 1,000 members, most of whom are nonprofessional investors known as "names."

Until recently, syndicates' profits were traditionally high. In 1976 the 8,565 members shared a premium income of $281 million. Since then, the ranks have swelled to 18,500, and the profits of most syndicates have declined. The names now include everyone from titled British aristocracy to the Pink Floyd rock group, some 1,191 Americans and 36 Arabs. The basic rule is the same for all: members share in the syndicate's profits in good years but in bad years must also divide losses, no matter how large.

Now that Lloyd's fat years have been followed by a lean period, this unlimited liability rule and a string of heavy claims threaten the members of some syndicates with personal bankruptcy. Losses totaling about $340 million have been incurred from insuring U.S. computer-lease contracts that were prematurely canceled when IBM came out with a better machine. Furthermore, last year a disastrous 2.3 million tons of shipping were lost—including what may become the biggest marine claim ever, the sinking in the Caribbean in July of a 293,000-ton oil tanker, the *Atlantic Empress*. In addition, members face potential claims of $75 million from RCA for a communications satellite lost in space and perhaps a further $75 million from NBC if the network ends up not televising the Moscow Olympics because of the U.S. boycott.

Lloyd's internal legal battles originated after nearly $50 million in losses suffered by one syndicate headed by Underwriter Frederick ("Tim") Sasse. Between 1975 and 1977 this group amassed an amazing collection of bad risks. Some 1,300 claims worth $22.7 million were paid out in fire-insurance policies issued in Canada and the U.S., many in the arson-plagued South Bronx. The Sasse syndicate had also reportedly exceeded its premium-issuing limit by some 3½ times. Now 38 members of the group, who are under pressure to come up with an average $448,000 each, are suing the insurance exchange and challenging the sacred unlimited liability rule. They are arguing that they should not be liable for losses that resulted from a failure of Lloyd's internal controls.

The lawsuit is viewed with icy resentment by brokers, senior underwriters and many syndicate members. Yet the plaintiffs include many highly visible members of the clubby British Establishment, including Lord Napier, the private secretary to Princess Margaret, and Major Sir Francis Legh, equerry to the Queen Mother. Snapped one angry underwriter: "It's like getting into real trouble and saying to your parents, 'Why did you let me do it?' " Added Ian Findlay, the former chairman of Lloyd's: "There is today a feeling of unease among insurers that the principle of good faith is being steadily eroded."

When the Sasse scandal first set alarm bells ringing, Lloyd's commissioned a review of exchange procedures from an independent "working party" headed by Sir Henry Fisher, president of Wolfson College, Oxford. Lloyd's Chairman Green expects the report, due this spring, will give him the evidence to convince Parliament that a new act is necessary. Says he: "We operate largely under the 1871 act, which creaks and groans like mad. We have to have rules to back our authority. We need discipline in the system." ■

Crude Scam

A $30 million rip-off

The handsome brochures in the mailboxes carry distinguished references, authoritative research and cite the CIA, Jimmy Carter and the *Wall Street Journal*. The pitch: buy spot oil futures contracts and, in six months, you too will be as rich as an Arab oil sheik. With only $6,000 down, the smart investor is promised OPEC-like profits of $30,000.

There is one major catch. "This is the biggest telephone rip-off in the country," says John Field, enforcement chief of the Washington-based Commodity Futures Trading Commission (CFTC). "All the con artists in the world got out of aluminum siding and land sales and into commodity options." The New York State attorney general's office and the CFTC, in a complaint filed jointly in federal district court in Manhattan, have charged 30 companies and 37 individuals in eight states and Panama with illegally selling oil futures contracts. These commit the buyer to purchase petroleum for either delivery or resale by an agreed date. The firms—among them, International Petroleum Exchange Inc., Bartex Petroleum Corp. and Comercial Petrolera Internacional S.A.—are specifically accused of using false promotional material, failing to disclose risks and defrauding customers in at least 31 states. The rip-off: as much as $30 million.

The charges grew out of a four-month investigation by New York and CFTC officials. Scam busters discovered seedy boiler rooms where pitchmen used computer lists to contact unsuspecting pigeons, or potential victims. The salesman, in a follow-up phone call, might then say discreetly, "If you act now, I can squeeze you in on a contract." While most of the contracts have not yet fallen due, investigators allege that brokers in fact do not possess the oil to back up the bogus deals. Eventually, customers would find that the salesmen had either left town or were no longer in business at the time of delivery.

Officials concede that the latest court action is unlikely to stop over-the-phone scams. Like some Hydraheaded monster, one get-rich-quick operation is no sooner closed down than another takes its place. Federal and state agents are usually one step behind boiler-room artists ready to sell to a gullible public. Says Attorney General Robert Abrams: "The same types of salesmen who brought us underwater land, worthless uranium stocks and phony gold certificates are in the process of perpetrating on the American public their latest scheme—oil futures contracts." A lawyer with the New York attorney general's office last week lamented that the masters of scam would probably soon be peddling chopped-liver futures. ■

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Three men come to the rescue of a woman being swept into a drainage system on a street in Woodland Hills, Calif.

Environment

Nightmare in Southern California

Torrential rains sweep in from Pacific, killing at least 24

To meteorologists, it was an unusual phenomenon: a "tropical connection." Storm after storm formed over the northern Pacific Ocean, picked up moisture from the tropics and rushed toward the West Coast on 150-m.p.h. jet streams. To Southern Californians, it was nothing less than a nightmare. Six times in nine days, storms struck, dumping nearly 13 in. of rain, killing at least 24 people and causing damage estimated at $425 million.

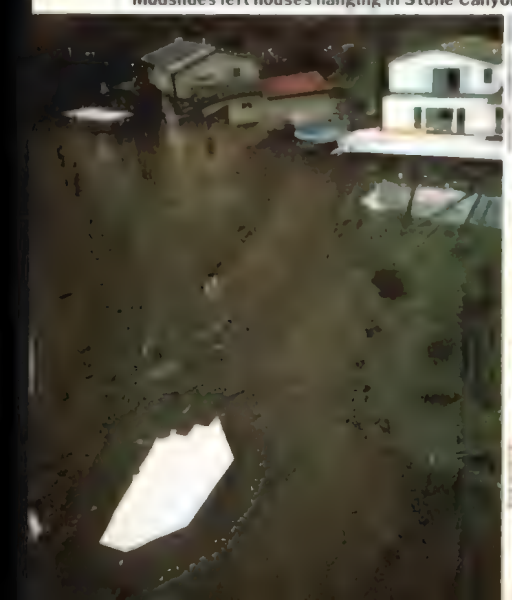
Worst hit were the chic canyons in the Santa Monica Mountains to the north and east of downtown Los Angeles. The hills are home to some of the area's wealthiest and most famous people, who live in semirural splendor in houses on the canyon bottoms, surrounded by oak trees and chaparral, or in hillside houses perched on stilts. Since fires—another scourge of the well-to-do Angelenos—have destroyed much of the vegetation in past years, the earth was quickly saturated by the rains. It turned into avalanches of mud that swept down the hillsides.

On Lookout Mountain Hill, a mudslide destroyed two houses and left the $1.25 million mansion of famed Divorce Lawyer Marvin Mitchelson tottering on the edge of a cliff and in danger of being washed away by the next storm. He was resigned to losing the house, which engineers doubted could be saved. He quipped, "I can live in my office. I can practice law in the courthouse and I don't see my wife much anyway."

But other canyon residents worked desperately to save their property. In Mandeville Canyon, Beverly Hills Psychologist Philip Flexo and his wife Pat shoveled day and night to divert a stream of mud and water from their $250,000 home. No matter what happened to the house, Flexo vowed not to leave the canyon permanently. Said he: "We moved here to get away from the hustle and bustle of the city. Despite the fires, rains, flood and muds, I won't move."

In Monterey Park, Joanna Dressler was packing suitcases to flee when she heard a thud. Said she: "I looked outside and saw my husband and two friends being pushed by the mud against and underneath a car. I couldn't get the front door open, so I bashed a window. I threw my dogs out, then I jumped out." Her husband and friends survived, but her house

Mudslides left houses hanging in Stone Canyon, endangered the home of Marvin Mitchelson (right) and buried a car in Mandeville Canyon



Abandoned cars in San Diego's Mission Valley ; below: a house inundated by mud in Santa Monica Mountains

was badly damaged. Ray Linton, another Monterey Park resident, salvaged little more than a stereo, a couple of cans of honey and some dented pans from his house, which collapsed. For drinking water, some people had to tap their hot tubs.

To the south of Los Angeles, 9-ft. waves caused a section of the Pacific Coast Highway to collapse, isolating the wealthy beachfront town of Malibu. Because of a power failure, the Tapia Treatment Plant shut down, causing 15,000 gal. per min. of raw sewage to flow down Malibu Creek to the ocean and forcing officials to close beaches along 25 miles of shore, as far south as Marina Del Rey. In Redondo Beach, harbor officials scuttled the *Lady Alexandra*, a 225-ft. ship converted into a restaurant and disco. Storm-whipped waves had turned the ship on its side, and officials feared the vessel might break its mooring cables and block the channel.

All 6,500 residents fled San Jacinto when the flood-swollen river that runs through town burst its levees. Said Jane Hoff of the town officials' warning to leave: "They came through with a fire truck and a loudspeaker. I was scared to death." In Palm Springs, levees burst along the Palm Canyon Wash and 1,000 people were sent to evacuation centers. Governor Jerry Brown sent 100 National Guardsmen to prevent looting.

Farther to the south, the San Diego River, normally just a trickle, flooded the city's biggest hotel and shopping district. Six reservoirs swelled to their highest levels since 1941. Medical supplies and food had to be airlifted to 200 families marooned in nearby De Luz when the Margarita River overflowed its banks. In Phoenix, Ariz., the Salt River, which is normally dry at this time of year, turned into a torrent, cutting off all but two of 13 crossings into the city from the suburbs.

At week's end the rain ended, and Jimmy Carter declared the worst hit sections of California and Arizona disaster areas, making residents eligible for federal loans to rebuild their homes. ■

Below: a house and car that were destroyed by mud and flood in Topanga Canyon

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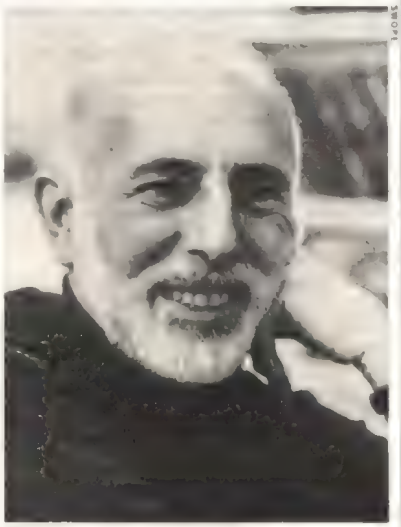
Robbins Returns to Broadway

In a new revival, West Side Story *still takes daring leaps*

A showstopper that never settles for idle razzle-dazzle: *America*

When *West Side Story* opened on Broadway almost 23 years ago, it was greeted as a revolutionary show. Its subject, New York street gangs, was far more adventurous than the typical fluff of musicals; its language was tough and its ending downbeat. This month, when *West Side* returned in a hit revival, audiences and critics were not so much shocked as charmed; the show's story, language and sociological concerns now belong to a distant, tamer era. Yet one aspect of the production looks as daring today as it did in 1957: Jerome Robbins' choreography. When the rival gangs, the white Jets and the Puerto Rican Sharks, dance their way through rumbles, murders and even a near rape, one rediscovers Robbins' extraordinary contribution to the American theater. Agnes de Mille was the first to tie Broadway dances to character and plot in the 1943 *Oklahoma!* (now also a born-again hit in revival), but Robbins went much further. In *West Side Story*, he did not just integrate dance into the show, he integrated the show into dance. The story and themes are conveyed as much, if not more, through movement as they are through songs and dialogue.

The full impact of Robbins' inspiration is visible at Broadway's Minskoff Theater, because the choreographer decided to duplicate *West Side's* original staging himself. It is the first time he has worked on Broadway since *Fiddler on the Roof* in 1964. The intervening years have been well spent: as a fellow ballet master with George Balanchine at the New York City Ballet, he has added more than 30 works to that company's repertory. This winter, at N.Y.C.B., Robbins also revived *Fancy Free*, the ground-breaking ballet that first brought him fame in 1944. The story of three cavorting sailors on leave during World War II, it does for Manhattan street life of the '40s what *West Side* does for the '50s. Or so it should. City Ballet Classicists Peter Martins, Bart Cook and Jean-Pierre Frohlich are not yet at home in the piece's romantic flourishes of period dance idiom.



Choreographer Jerome Robbins

Looking for the next great challenge.

It is appropriate that *Fancy Free* and *West Side* be revived at the same time. In both works, Robbins collaborated with Composer Leonard Bernstein and Set Designer Oliver Smith. In fact, *Fancy Free* inspired the first Robbins-Bernstein-Smith Broadway show, *On the Town*. From then on, Robbins went from hit to hit. Over two decades he worked with the best stars (Zero Mostel, Barbra Streisand, Judy Holliday, Mary Martin, Ethel Merman) and the best songwriters (Bernstein, Jule Styne, Irving Berlin, Richard Rodgers, Stephen Sondheim) in classic shows such as *The King and I, Peter Pan, Bells Are Ringing* and *Gypsy*.

Almost all of Robbins' major innovations can be seen in *West Side Story*. In the show's very first moments, the choreographer demonstrates that Broadway dancing does not have to come only in the form of jazzy showstoppers or extended ballets but can also be stylized physical action. When the Jets are first seen hanging out in an alley, they merely shift their body posture to the opening beats of Bernstein's music; the characters' attitudes are established through gesture before anyone sings or speaks a line. Later, Robbins uses his actors' bodies to achieve effects that a film director might accomplish with editing or dissolves. When Maria, who has just emigrated from Puerto Rico to New York, tries on her first American party dress in a shop, she goes into an ecstatic twirl. Suddenly other twirling girls materialize beside her, streamers drop from the ceiling, a black drop rises, and the heroine seamlessly blends into the raucous *Dance at the Gym*. In an instant, Robbins has simultaneously raised the heroine's emotional pitch, advanced the plot, and changed the set without ever interrupting the continuous flow of dance.

The ensuing scene has its own tricks; Robbins telescopes the growing infatuation of the two lovers, Maria and Tony, by constantly shifting the kaleidoscopic patterns of the frenetic dancers who surround them. After that, Robbins' imagination and torrid pacing rarely flag. In a reprise of the song *Tonight*, five groups of characters in five different sets advance three plot lines in one brief scene. Even the show's flat-out big numbers—*America; Cool; Gee, Officer Krupke*—never settle for idle, mindless razzle-dazzle. The chorus dancers all have individual, streetwise characterizations that are upheld in each finger-snapping leap and menacing pounce.

Robbins' method of integrating movement with every other theatrical element (including sets and lighting) has influenced nearly all the hit musicals now on Broadway. Indeed, Choreographers Michael Bennett (*A Chorus Line*) and Patricia Birch (*Grease, They're Playing Our Song*), as well as Director Martin Charnin (*Annie*), worked as dancers in earlier

Dance

productions of *West Side Story*. Though he does not rule out the possibility, it is unlikely that Robbins, now 61, is going to rejoin his progeny by doing a new show soon. "What interests me is a great challenge," he says, "like doing *Uncle Tom's Cabin* as the Siamese might do it *[The King and I]* or a Mack Sennett ballet *[High Button Shoes]* or gritty backstage burlesque *[Gypsy]* or Jewish shtetl life *[Fiddler]*. I like doing the research, looking at the theatrical magazines of those periods or going through old photographs at the New York Public Library. Let's face it, a musical version of *Little Women* just isn't going to grab me." What does grab Robbins, it seems, is the opportunity to create an entire society onstage through dance. *West Side Story* and *Fiddler* both contain dream ballets that tap the subconscious aspirations and nightmares of their respective ethnic enclaves. In *West Side Story's Dance at the Gym* and *Fiddler's Wedding Dance* specific social customs and rituals of courtship and marriage are rethought in balletic terms. With its gingerly folk touches and communal feeling, Robbins' ballet masterpiece *Dances at a Gathering* carries these Broadway dances to their abstract apotheosis; in part it describes the manners and emotional bonds that unite an imaginary world of ten young men and women.

Robbins prefers the greater freedom of pure ballet. He explains: "On Broadway, a choreographer must serve the show. He must deal with a given space dictated by the set, the qualities of the performers and the songs, and the pressure of whatever else has to be rehearsed. I spend all my energy to get a lot of actors to make believe they're somebody else in front of an audience who knows they're not those people to start with. When I do a ballet, good or bad, it's all coming out of my own thoughts; there is just me, the dancers and the audience to contend with. If the work is good, it will always stay in repertory; it won't be discarded, like most musicals, after two or three years. And if a ballet fails, you can always think about it and try it again another year. Economic considerations make that impossible on Broadway."

Certainly, Robbins does not miss the panic that comes with working on a musical when time and money are running out. "It's like those descriptions of galaxies spinning apart," he says. "Everyone is going a million miles an hour in opposite directions." His opinion is shared by his mentor, Balanchine, who once created dances for musicals (including the *Slaughter on Tenth Avenue* ballet for Rodgers and Hart's 1936 *On Your Toes)* but has not been back to Broadway in nearly 30 years. Recalls Robbins: "Once Mr. Balanchine and I were discussing a young choreographer at City Ballet, and I suggested that he get experience doing musicals. Balanchine laughed and said, 'No, they wouldn't have him. Broadway is tougher than we are.' " — **Frank Rich**

CHESTER HIGGINS JR. — THE NEW YORK TIMES

Tomatoes, growing without soil on a Manhattan terrace, can be 20% bigger

Living

No-Hoe Gardens

Hydroponics is taking root

A house plant can be a thing of joy and beauty until that point at which no prescription—talking to it, feeding it vitamins, watering it with Perrier or soothing it with Brahms—can rescue it from terminal dropsy. The green thumb turns down, the plant goes out, and the home horticulturist invests hope and dollars in yet another persnickety sprig. For more and more lovers of greenery, and indeed of year-round fresh vegetables, the answer is hydroponics, or water gardening.

This method of growing plants without soil has long been known to scientists but has only recently begun to attract amateurs' attention. In the simplest hydroponic systems, the plant roots are anchored in gravel or perlite, through which the gardener periodically shoots water and inorganic nutrient solutions. Thus for outdoor hydroponicists there is no digging, weeding, composting or spraying. The indoor gardener is spared the necessity of messing with loam in the home and, if careful, can avoid the danger of bacterial infection around his plants.

Indoors or out, growing plants in water permits far more intensive cultivation than geoponics, or earth gardening. Since the roots do not spread out in search of nourishment, six times as many plants can be raised in the same space needed for earth farming. Ralph Prince, an agricultural engineer at the University of Connecticut's Storrs campus, has run laboratory experiments that indicate that an acre producing only ten tons of lettuce by conventional farming can grow more than 700 tons by hydroponic methods. Chicago's Brookfield and Lincoln Park zoos raise much of their mammal fodder hydroponically and claim that their greens are particularly nutritious.

Hydroponically grown vegetables taste about the same as those grown in soil. But most of them are bigger; waterborne tomatoes, for instance, may be 20% larger than earth-borne ones. The vegetables also mature much faster. The Lincoln Park Zoo maintains continuous production of fresh barley grass for the animals by "planting" two 50-lb. bags or so of seed every day; each new crop of grass is ready for harvesting in a week, compared with the six to eight weeks required for soil-grown barley.

Such advantages have persuaded businesses to try commercial hydroponics. General Mills, for example, is building a plant in De Kalb, Ill., whose first big crops of lettuce and spinach will be on the market this spring. But it is among home gardeners, particularly in urban and arid areas, that soilless growing is rising fastest. Predicts Raymond Bridwell, a Californian whose 1972 book *Hydroponic Gardening* has sold some 120,000 copies: "Hydroponics has grown ten times in the past 18 months, and it will grow 100 times in the next 18 months."

No-earth gardening will never, of course, replace the spade-and-hoe variety. For many people, getting dirt under the fingernails is part of the fun. Also, despite its high yields and relative immunity to disease, hydroponics can be expensive: sophisticated home systems retail for $150 and up. However, starter kits are available for as little as $12.50, which may be the scale at which water gardening will become most immediately popular. The day may not be distant when the indolent, ubiquitous office *Whatsitnotum viridens* will be replaced with water-fed vines yielding a luscious tomato crop every six weeks. Just order in the mayonnaise. ■

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People

For weeks *tout* Detroit had been salivating over what figured to be a Motown massacre, a bitter, high-stakes divorce hearing pitting Auto Mogul **Henry Ford II,** 62, against estranged Second Wife **Maria Cristina Vettore Ford,** 49. How much of Ford's wealth could the Italian beauty he had fallen for during a 1960 dinner at Maxim's in Paris claim after ten years of marriage and five more of separation? What barbs might the tempestuous two hurl at each other? Would Ex-Model **Kathleen DuRoss,** 40, current good friend of Henry's, be summoned to testify? Alas, the gossips were doomed to disappointment. With the hearing barely begun last week, lawyers worked out an "equitable" settlement. Part of the deal was that no details would be revealed, aside from the fact that

Divorcee Cristina Vettore Ford

the carmaker had won possession again of the family mansion on Grosse Pointe's Lakeshore Drive that he moved out of on Dec. 23, 1975. But Detroiters figured the E.P.A. (for estimated percentage of Henry's assets) rating at 18%, meaning a cool $15 million lump sum for the ex-Mrs. Ford from her ex-husband's $85 million or so fortune.

■

Any real-life boss who found himself with a secretarial pool consisting of self-starters like **Jane Fonda, Lily Tomlin** and **Dolly Parton** would be afraid to make waves. But in *Nine to Five*, which the three are shooting together in Hollywood, their reel-life boss is so tyrannical they spend perfectly good clock-watching time fantasizing ways to get him into

Fonda, Tomlin and Parton take an office break on "Nine to Five"

hot water. Some ways are slightly extreme: rat poison in the coffee Tomlin is required to fetch him, for example. But the movie is played for laughs, and in the end stenovirtue triumphs when the underlings reorganize the office to make it function better bossless. Setting aside what Fonda calls "egos and insecurities," the three actresses are getting along famously. Says Parton, who is taking her first fling at the flicks: "I always heard that making movies was hard. But if all of them are like this, I'm going to love it."

■

Usually the Vatican's gilded Hall of the Consistory is reserved for sacred rites. This time, however, a flock of first-nighters led by **Pope John Paul II** himself, in a front-row-center armchair, filled the hall for a special performance of Polish Playwright **Andrzej Jawien's** allegory, *The Goldsmith's Shop*. The play, about three married couples with differing problems and a goldsmith who represents God, drew a chorus of clerical bravos, which was no surprise. Jawien was the nom de plume under which John Paul, then Polish Bishop **Karol Wojtyla,** wrote the play 20 years ago. The playwright-turned-Pontiff had never before seen his work done, and he was delighted. "After tonight's performance," he smiled, "there's some hope for my poetry too."

■

"Well, I wouldn't be surprised," former First Lady **Betty Ford** said in response to a White House interview question about what she would do if her daughter confided she was having an affair. "I would certainly counsel and advise her on the subject." Lately, it appears, counsel and advice have been needed not by Betty and **Gerald Ford's** married daughter **Susan,** 22, but by their single third son **Steven,** 23, a blond, good-looking California college student and would-be actor. Young Ford has filed a petition in an Orange County court seeking to establish whether or not he is the father of a three-month-old boy born to an occasional date named **Joi Malkin.** If it turns out he is, said a statement issued for the family by the former President, "Steve is fully and willingly prepared to assume his parental responsibilities, and Betty and I as grandparents would of course be happy to have [the child] as one of our family."

Possible Father Steve Ford

Author Pope John Paul II at performance of "The Goldsmith's Shop"

On the Record

Michael Sovern, 48, president-designate of Columbia University, on the extent of campus demonstrations today: "The percentage of students engaged in expressive action involving the use of feet is minuscule."

Edward Koch, New York City's mayor, urging tougher gun-control laws: "You're not a nice guy if you have a gun, even if you are a nice guy."

Loretta Lynn, country singer, on a congratulatory call she received from President Carter after he had watched a new movie about her life and career, *Coal Miner's Daughter*: "He said it was better than he thought it would be."

COVER STORY

Sellers Strikes Again

A man of many masks, he is a master of comedy—but who is he?

Sellers snaps away at the Eiffel Tower

The star is discovered, between acts, in his dressing room. He is wearing a Viking's helmet, complete with horns, over a wig of lank brown hair, a corset over a lace shirt. On his right hand there is a boxing glove. He claims, in the rich, ripe tones of yesteryear's provincial matinee idol, that he was about to do his imitation of Queen Victoria, but that he has forgotten what she looks like. The program's ever harassed star and manager, who just happens to be a very green, very agreeable frog, tells his guest that though he loves the many wild characters the performer is capable of impersonating, on this show it is quite all right to "just relax and be yourself."

No, replies the nervous thespian, that would be altogether impossible. "I could never be myself."

"Never yourself?"

"No, you see, there is no me. I do not exist."

"I beg your pardon?"

The actor draws conspiratorially close to the anthropomorphic amphibian and, with many a wary glance over both shoulders, whispers: "There used to be a me. But I had it surgically removed."

Good joke. Much laughter—and no time to think about any confessional implications this line may carry, since the performer immediately launches into a rendition of Richard III's soliloquy, accompanying himself on a pair of "tuned chickens." But the fact is that what Peter Sellers told Kermit the Frog on *The Muppet Show* may be as frank a public statement as he can make about himself. It reveals his profound fear that the real Peter Sellers, at 54, is virtually a cipher, that he has no personality and that he will either not be able to find or will at the last minute lose whatever fictive creation he has chosen to wrap around himself.

Nor does the badinage with Kermit seem to be entirely fortuitous in its timing. Sellers taped his *Muppet* appearance not long before he went to work on *Being There*, the film version of Jerzy Kosinski's novel about how a totally blank, isolated man, whose only knowledge of the world comes from television, emerges from the Edenic walled garden he has tended all his life to become a presidential adviser, media pundit and, finally, presidential timber himself. Sellers has indicated that in this character of Chance the gardener (Chauncey Gardiner, as his fancy new friends later take to calling him), he has metaphorically projected more of himself than he ever did in any of his previous 50-odd screen appearances. It was, for him, a painful process—"the part that required the most care of any I ever played"—but it has turned out to be worth it. He has collected perhaps his most enthusiastic reviews, notices of his career that finally acknowledge not just his comedic gifts but his stature as one of the finest film actors of his era. The film itself is drawing the kind of intense audiences that may mean it will turn into a cult object. Young people, themselves shaped by their early, total immersion in television, seem to respond powerfully to Chance, admiring the way worldly power simply seems to flow to him despite his passivity and his defects—he is both simple-minded and illiterate.

Sellers read Kosinski's book shortly after it was published in 1972. He decided he was the only actor who could play Chance. Sellers saw in the role an opportunity to bring his career to its culmination. This ambition may seem odd to those for whom Sellers is best beloved as an ingenious portrayer of multicharacter—or, anyway, multivoiced—roles, in a staggering array of makeups. Indeed, the parts that have established him as an international figure to be reckoned with are of that nature. Who can forget the decadent playwright, Clare Quilty, in *Lolita*, obsessively trying to take the nymphet away from Humbert Humbert, with his voice flat as a Midwestern plain, his drunken acrobatics during the gloriously spifflicated Ping Pong game? Or the disguises Sellers adopted to work his nefarious scheme—a thick-voiced, menacingly ingratiating cop (with just a line or two of a perfect Brando parody dropped in), a German-accented school psychologist brilliantly exemplifying the irrationality of rationality. The psychologist, of course, is a close cousin of the title character in *Dr. Strangelove*, with his tinted glasses, his accent

Chance's progress: in his garden; with Eve (MacLaine); as Chauncey

borrowed from Henry Kissinger, his rebellious arm that keeps trying to fly into the Nazi salute. In that film Sellers played two additional roles: the liberalish U.S. President trying to convince the Soviet Premier that the dispatch of nuclear bombers was an accident and parodying a lovers' quarrel over the hot line ("I'm just as capable of being sorry as you are, Dimitri"), and an R.A.F. group captain trying to stave off doomsday with a cricketeer's manners and a nanny's voice. As Stanley Kubrick, the director of *Lolita* and *Strangelove*, says, "The quality that distinguishes him from other great comic actors is his ability to transform the horrifying and grotesque into unforgettable comic invention."

Sellers has also nourished his comic imagination with examples of Victorian stuffiness, especially in his comedy records of the '50s and '60s that are now collectors' items. His parody of a peer's boyhood reminiscences on a BBC talk is a sly sendup of a socially blinkered Establishment in which his lordship genially recalls cheering up the tenantry by passing among them nourishing table scraps and tracts of an uplifting nature. The remnants of empire inspired him to construct an imaginary interview with the producer of an Indian version of *My Fair Lady* who is adapting the show to fit the needs of an emerging nation but mostly accomplishing bad puns. Sellers has in fact always been a covert social commentator.

There is another line to his career: his interest in the implacably impervious. It was this quality that first brought him fame—as Fred Kite, the stupefyingly literal-minded and selfish union shop steward in *I'm All Right, Jack* (1960). It is also the source of hilarity in that small masterpiece, *The Party*, in which Sellers plays a beturbanned Indian, somehow invited to a grand affair, and wandering through it, friendless and almost silent, but wreaking havoc wherever he turns. Finally, this impermeability is the mark of his great Inspector Clouseau. In countless scenes such as the one from *A Shot in the Dark* when Clouseau stumbled through a roomful of guests in evening dress, out through an open French window and sailed through the air to land in a pond below, the inspector's uncanny *sang-froid* has never faltered. Whether failing to pole vault a castle's moat or skimming across the Paris rooftops in a disguise that has somehow inflated like a balloon, or setting his nemesis,

Multiple images: a Scotland Yard inspector and two guises of Fu Manchu

Henry Orient (left) and two views of Inspector Jacques Clouseau

Chief Inspector Dreyfus, into paroxysmal eye twitchings. Inspector Clouseau has never wavered in his conviction that he is the world's greatest detective. It is this blithe, impenetrable side of Sellers pared down and exhibited with an old master's exquisitely crafted minimalism that is perfectly stated in the character of poor, affectless Chance. Sellers has created a figure subtly different from perhaps more generally appealing than Kosinski's original.

"He is the creation of my concern, not my sympathy or empathy," says Kosinski, 46. "He is the enemy of everything I stand for, a point zero from which all my other characters depart." As Kosinski sees him, Chance is a victim, innocent and nonverbal, of a corporate state that, through the instrument of television, "has rendered him unaware, passive, with no notion of himself, his life, or of others." He is, in short, the ultimate voyeur, the sum not of his actions but of his reactions to a world of which he has been permitted only a partial and distorted view. Success comes to him because he has no choice but to reflect back at everyone he meets whatever qualities they have projected on him. The woman (Shirley MacLaine) who takes him in after he has been injured in an encounter with her limousine sees him as a highly charged sexual being, although he is in fact a virgin. Her husband (Melvyn Douglas), a mighty captain of industry, believes him to be a Baruch-like financial wizard, since his few childlike responses to questions on these matters can be interpreted as metaphorical profundities. The President (Jack Warden) is similarly buffaloed by Chance's vague imagery, all of it drawn from the only subject he knows anything about, gardening.

It is this ability to reflect back to the world whatever it projects onto them that links actor and role. There is no one among his friends and ex-friends, his wife and ex-wives, happy or unhappy business associates who claims to know the real Peter Sellers or to offer a coherent explication of his unpredictable personality. Like Chance, there seems to be no core, no center to the man, except what he picks up from others. Says his longtime friend and publicist, David Steinberg: "Peter is the accumulation of all the roles he's played and all the people he's met. He's directing traffic inside all that." And his current and fourth wife, Actress Lynne Frederick, 25, adds: "His mind is in a constant state of turmoil about what his pur-

In *The Party; Prisoner of Zenda; What's New, Pussycat?*

pose is on this planet and whether it's all worthwhile."

In short, Sellers is, and appears always to have been, the world's most impressionable impressionist, a masterly quick-change artist, who picks up people, ideas, wives, gadgets, even identities as they flash across his consciousness, then absorbs them into himself for a time. He creates the belief among bystanders that they are in the presence of a permanent reality, whereupon he abandons each animating fancy for the next. And the next. "My whole life," Kosinski remembers Sellers telling him, "has been devoted to imitating others. It has been devoted to the portrayal of those who appear to be different from what they are. If I were to tell you that Chauncey Gardiner was the ultimate Peter Sellers, then I would be telling you what my whole life was about. If I don't portray him, he will ultimately portray me."

Utterly unpsychological in his orientation, rootless in his manner of life (he maintains a home in Gstaad, Switzerland, for tax purposes), a consulter of mystics and gurus, Sellers is impulsively generous and equally quick to anger. As a result, he has few intimate or longstanding relationships. He is even sometimes uncertain just exactly what his own normal speaking voice is, so frequently does he drop into accents and imitations in conversation. "I think it's something like what you're hearing now," he told TIME Correspondent Sandra Burton, then quickly added, "Well, maybe I'm trying to sound a bit more posh." But it's close, really it is, he reassures. "This voice is not made up, because I cannot relax and talk openly in someone else's voice. I've heard myself on recordings in background conversation, and I think I talk like this." Then he reconsiders. "I hear myself at other times, though, and I'm talking like this"—and the lightest chiming of Bow bells is heard in his tones. Whereupon he gives up and admits, "It depends on who I'm with. Sometimes I start out in my own voice and no matter who I'm with, I take on their thing."

There is something lost about a man who has trouble finding his own voice and is only truly alive when he is working. It may be one reason he almost never rests. An air of befuddled sadness clings to Sellers, despite his achievements and despite the comfortable life they have brought him. The beginnings of the curse of self-abnegation and its palliative role playing are to be found in his childhood. He is, on his mother's side, third-generation show biz. His grandmother, Ma Ray, was a performer-manager in the music halls, a minor legend as the first to bring swimmers onstage in a glass tank. Peter's mother, Peg, worked for Ma most of her life, acquiring in the grimy backstages of the provinces an ambition for stardom, which, when it was frustrated, she focused on her son. Sellers' father, Bill, was a mild, ineffectual man, a pianist whose love for Peg drew him into this demimonde, though he had once been a cathedral organist in his native Yorkshire. That he was Protestant and Peg Jewish may have contributed, some friends have speculated, to their child's confusion and detachment. Surely, Bill's shyness and Peg's aggressiveness helped to create the split in Sellers. The private man is anonymously dressed ("If you see me when I'm not making a film, you would never know I was in the business"), hiding behind a variety of tinted glasses. The professional man, the possessed performer, throws himself into roles that are often multiple. He has played more than one part in seven films, including *The Mouse That Roared*, *Strangelove* and his next, *The Fiendish Plot of Dr. Fu Manchu*, not to mention pictures like *Lolita* and the *Pink Panther* series, where, in character, he adopts a variety of wild disguises.

Mega-Death Whiz Dr. Strangelove learning to love the bomb

The ability to transform the grotesque into unforgettable comic invention.

In those early years, young Peter became a chronic watcher in the shadows backstage. He had slight choice in the matter. Given the rootless life of strolling players, there was little opportunity to develop friendships of a lasting sort. "I never had any real set mates," he told Biographer Peter Evans (*Peter Sellers: The Mask Behind the Mask*). "I'd make friends in one town for one week and then we'd move on. You'd hope, if you played that town again, maybe a year later, that the friend you'd made would still be around; perhaps if he was the landlady's son, you'd be lucky. Then you'd hope that he'd remember you." Out of this he forged resiliency, durability and "the humor, I suppose." Certainly it tempered his ability to endure loneliness. "I've had marriages fail, and I know that working just for the sake of working doesn't help. What really does help is the fact that I don't mind being alone. I really don't mind. I'm quite happy to sit here and look out the window."

In his boyhood it was mostly Peg who filled in the empty spaces by entertaining him and also by treating him like an adult. Moreover, she suggested a way out of the very loneliness her life had imposed on the boy. At one point, part of her routine consisted of standing before a white screen onto which slide pictures of different costumes and settings were projected, allowing her to become, in rapid succession, Britannia, Joan of Arc, Florence Nightingale, Queen Victoria and so on. For Peter it was discomfiting and yet enthralling to watch his mother undergo these transitions. "She looked so beautiful," he has recalled. "To listen to audiences applauding my mother was one of the most memorable sounds of my childhood."

There was a hard side to this maternal closeness. She coached and counseled him endlessly: "I had no ambition of my own then. She was absolutely desperate for me to succeed." Peg lived to witness Peter's first cinema successes. She continued, or so Sellers believes, to stay in touch with him even after her death in 1967. Bert Mortimer, who was with Sellers for more than 16 years as chauffeur-valet-companion (or "friendly" as the type is known among English show folk), says Sellers "can open up his mind and receive messages from her. 'Peg says it would be better to do it this way,' or 'Peg advises,'" he recalls Sellers saying. "I think he acts on his mother's advice. I don't know if it is a figment of his imagination or whether he does get messages." Whatever. Another friend is convinced that the actor's multiple marriages and his in-between womanizing are another way of trying to regain what Peg once provided. "Peter has always been looking for someone who adored him as his mother did."

Peg finally instilled in Peter the will "to get on in the business. The middle of the road never would have been good enough for me. If I would have got to be [only] a supporting actor, I would have packed it in on the spot. I was either going to get to be a star actor or I was going to have nothing to do with it. That's what my mother always wanted me to be anyway, and she would push me and push me because I lacked drive, I guess."

That ambition was not easily satisfied. When he left school in 1939 at 14 he went on the road as a drummer (at one point in a gypsy band), then, during the war, he was posted to an R.A.F. entertainment unit, the Gang Show, where he perfected his skill as an impersonator. Too

Peter's parents Peg and Bill Sellers in the mid-'60s

"She would push me and push me because I lacked drive, I guess."

finely, perhaps: he fell into the habit of wearing officers' uniforms and ordering people around, usually in order to gain extra privileges for himself and the members of his troupe. After the war he put in a couple of dispiriting years as a stand-up comic at the dismal levels of variety into which he was born, ending up in London's famed burlesque house, the Windmill Theater. He was working there when he got his first break at 22, and it was of his own making.

In 1948 he heard that a BBC producer might need someone with many voices at his command. He called the man and did impressions of a pair of prominent BBC radio personalities recommending a promising young chap named Peter Sellers. At the end of the call he dropped into his own voice to confess the hoax. The man was at first angered, then impressed. The legendary *Goon Show*, in which he teamed principally with Comics Spike Milligan and Harry Secombe to bring England to a halt once a week, followed. "Our premise was taking serious ideas—or any idea at all—to their illogical conclusion," Sellers recalls. Some choice bits—most of them written by Milligan—that Sellers relished included the time the Goons climbed Mount Everest from the inside; a sequence about a mysterious criminal who stalked old ladies with warm puddings; a town council still discussing, three decades after it was first proposed in 1919, the erection of a concrete lamppost.

The anti-Establishment surrealism of the Goons has passed into the social history of their time in England. They helped set the tone of a generally cynical, satirical and angry decade in the arts. Surely the Goons stretched down a generation to the kids who grew up to become Monty Python's Flying Circus.

Sellers did hundreds of voice characterizations for the Goons, became famous and, just incidentally, established his working method as an actor. Ever since, he has always built his characters around a voice. "Once I had the voice, I suddenly found that I was doing what the character would do, so I did not have to think about it. The character did it for me. That is one reason I do not agree with Method acting, where you have to think constantly, 'How am I going to pick up this cup of tea?' "

These years, which came to an end in the early '60s, were surely the most stable for Sellers: "Oh, it was great. I think I had more fun doing that than I will ever have in my life." He was happily married to his first wife, a solid Australian actress named Anne Howe. He had plenty of work, much of it anonymous, in radio and in dubbing films (he once did 17 voices for a single movie). He began doing his brilliant comedy records, he was launching his film career with such notable bits as being part of Alec Guinness's gang in *The Ladykillers*, and, finally, he achieved his breakthrough as Fred Kite in *I'm All Right, Jack*. He was, he says, "jolly young Peter Sellers, doing well, happy young Peter Sellers buying and selling cars." (There is a side to him that has always sought solace in gadgetry, and he is a notable purchaser and trader of not just autos, but cameras, hi-fi equipment and video-taping stuff.)

But with international stardom came miseries that he trailed across more than one continent. Trouble began when he either did or did not have an affair with Sophia Loren, his co-star in the 1961 adaptation of Shaw's *The Millionairess*. He says he was so smitten that he confessed this indiscretion to his wife. It led ultimately to their breakup, which friends and family believe he continues to mourn. Loren claims they were just good pals who used to cook dinner for each other occasionally. Sellers is outraged by this dismissal of an event that he believes changed his life (he is barely mentioned in the bestselling, authorized book about Loren by A.E. Hotchner). In 1964 he met and married Starlet Britt Ekland; the courtship took eleven days. Though their off-again, on-again marriage lasted to the end of the decade, she is about to publish an autobiography in which Sellers is portrayed as a cold, distant husband. ("A professional girlfriend and an amateur actress," snaps Sellers in reply.)

Ekland did see him through his next trauma, the massive heart attack he suffered in Hollywood in 1964. Sellers has told people that a vision of Peg appeared to him and beckoned him back from the grave. He also says that he was clinically dead for 2½ minutes and that this gives him a further point of identification with Chance. "They later told me that I did not suffer any brain damage, but I have reason to believe I did. My mind has deteriorated since then." Citing absent-mindedness and a general vagueness, he says, "I think I'm probably going a little soft in the head, which is why I have something in common with Chance."

Be that as it may, there is no doubt that his fearsome reputation as a demonic troublemaker on the set gathered momentum during the years after his brush with death. (He has a pacemaker, and his anxiety about his health increased understandably last year after his latest heart attack.) What tends to happen on location with Sellers is that the star grows increasingly insecure as filming approaches and during the early days of the shoot. Then, if he does not find his character, or if he senses a lack of support —and he requires monumental amounts of ego boosting—writers, directors, even fellow players find themselves getting fired or, at the least, undergoing very heavy weather. One could fill pages with damaging quotes from people who fell out with Sellers on one picture or another.

There are others who will supply excuses for all this. His onetime agent, Producer Freddie Fields, describes Sellers the person as "gentle, sensitive and insecure," but says the actor is "too demanding. He

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creates an enormous amount of pain for himself, [so] the gentleman that he is sometimes has to fight the actor who creates so much pain." Sellers' wife agrees. "He's not good at taking criticism. He magnifies everything at least ten times. We dismiss things that he will take to his heart and then take to his bed over. It may be that he remembers he has a pacemaker or heart disease or that he is on his fourth marriage and has been unlucky in relationships. Or that someone he thought of as a friend may do something

Marrying Anne Howe in 1951 . . .

which convinces him he never should have trusted him." Sellers says it best: small matters plunge him "into a snake pit you wouldn't believe. A person can destroy me with two words. It can just be the way they say them, the inflection."

That is why he puts so much pressure on his work. It is the one place he is certain he will contribute something that others will appreciate and remember. He asserts himself, converting his stored observations into his brilliant imitations of and comments on life. But after the 1964 heart attack, with his best early work, including *Lolita* and *Strangelove*, behind him, he entered on what he calls his "bad patch." He kept looking for the old magic, but not finding it in either big pictures (*Casino Royale*) or little ones (*The Bobo*, in which he played an inept bullfighter). The depression lasted a decade that included another failed marriage (to London Socialite Miranda Quarry) and most of the spells of on-set temperament that sealed his reputation as "difficult."

With the *Pink Panther* sequels Sellers emerged from the briars in 1975. These films made him definitively rich (his share of the take is said to be as much as $4 million) and provided him with the bankability and the clout to do *Being There*. "The role is so reductive that only a truly professional actor could fill it with meaning without appearing boring," Sellers had told Kosinski when he was trying to get the property.

Not, however, without the usual pain. The day before shooting began he said to his wife, "I've had this thing for six years and, you know, I don't know

. . . Britt Ekland in 1964 . . .

how I'm going to play Chance. I thought I knew everything about him, how he spoke, how he walked, acted, thought, but I realize now that I have to go and do it tomorrow, and I really don't know." He talked the part through with her, trying to find the innocence of a ten-year-old. Then, too, he consciously "drained" his voice of all mannerism, virtually all inflection, giving it the perfect neutrality of tone that someone who has rarely heard natural speech, but only the carefully homogenized voices of TV, might use.

It was a beginning, but not the end. "He was desperate to have this film work," his wife recalls. "He was like a string that would snap if it were pulled any tighter." Director Hal Ashby, knowing how much he needed assurances, tried to provide them, but in the midst of production could not always summon enough

Relaxing with Lynne in Gstaad

"You'd never know I was in the business."

time or energy. Worse, Sellers found the principal location, the Biltmore mansion in Asheville, N.C., cold and depressing in the winter. As usual, he found it impossible to leave his role on the set and walked around inside Chance's deadly placid character all the time, offering responses as bleak as the weather to everyone. Says he now: "It was hell for my wife."

Yet the work was superb. There was none of the outrageous improvisation that marks Sellers' acting when he feels a pro-

. . . and Miranda Quarry in 1970

ject is going badly. "I was amazed at the discretion with which he handled the part," says Co-Star Melvyn Douglas. "Never was there a suggestion of having overblown any sense of it." Adds Richard Dysart, who played a doctor: "The texture of that man's work! He gave Hal Ashby two or three different characters—not that varied, but different. I began to see that there was a through line for each, that they were consistent." Ashby thus had not just alternate scene readings, but at least two complete, distinctly shaded characterizations.

The performance is the sum of all the subtle, wayward bits of life that Sellers invented, that keep audiences caring about this poor befogged man. In one scene, like the child he is, he carefully avoids stepping on cracks to keep bad luck at bay. The doctor tells him to keep his weight off his injured leg, and like some solemn, obedient stork, he then and there lifts it off the floor. Or, submitting to a telephone interview, after the President has quoted him in a speech, he catches sight of a TV exercise class and begins aping the movements of the instructor—movements he repeats later when MacLaine tries to seduce him and he does not know what to do. His literalism simply explodes the metaphorical clichés by which adults live and provides the energy by which a sometimes listless, pompous movie gains vitality.

Whether the rather approving note he has insinuated into the film is as wise as the details of his performance is more problematic. To be sure, it represents a kind of wish fulfillment on his

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part, the "triumph of a simple man," which is what Sellers takes himself to be. "People are always saying, 'What is this guy all about, anyway?' Why don't they leave you alone and just accept what you do? That's one of the things I like about Gardiner. Who the hell is he? Is he God? Is he sent by God? Is he a moron? Or what?" The point, for Sellers, is that Chance is one of the meek who are supposed to inherit the earth, and actually does just that by being his simple self. That is the trick Sellers has once again pulled off, keeping his own essential blankness intact behind his multitude of masks. This interpretation stands the intended meaning of Kosinski's fable on its ear. If Sellers' vision of the character becomes gospel for a new generation, a certain concern is justified. "They see themselves as innocent, nonverbal," Kosinski says of Chance's fan club. But "they are children of the middle class, don't forget that. They still want money, power, sex and visibility. They want the ultimate fantasy trip, and Chance is a man who gets it all but doesn't even want it."

One feels that perhaps Sellers, the once poor performer who is pleased with the money and the power to control his career, sees himself as a little like those unrealistic children. "My ambition in the cinema, since I came across it, was to play Chance the gardener in *Being There*. I have realized that ambition, and so I have no more." He adds: "The older I get, the less I like the film industry and the people in it. In fact, I'm at a stage where I almost loathe them. If all films were like *Strangelove* and *I'm All Right, Jack* and *Being There*, it would be a different thing."

These remarks, however, are delivered while he is working 15 hours a day on *Fu Manchu*, having just taken over the direction of the film. They are delivered in front of a wife who does not tire of saying that her husband "is only happy when he is working. To give up work would be fatal to Peter's mental state. A beach for him is an ideal which when realized is never as good as the anticipation."

It may be that as it is in performances, so it is in life—that he can speak the truth about himself only when he is using a borrowed voice. He recently turned to his wife, dropped into a classic lower-class British accent and proceeded to level all his own pretensions: " 'Ere 'e is, Mabel, wit' all 'is money an 'is big fancy cars an 'is wimmen cryin' about 'ow depressed 'e is. Gawd in 'eaven, am I supposed to feel sorry for 'im?" As always, Peter Sellers' power of observation and his ability to recount what he sees with satirical wit had saved him. But for one fleeting moment he had turned the mirror inward toward himself instead of outward toward a world of strangers. And suddenly he was himself as human and vulnerable, as comically real, as he makes them seem to be. — ***Richard Schickel***

Cinema

Modern Messiah

SIMON
Directed and Written by Marshall Brickman

Premise No. 1: There is this rogue think tank in which the five resident geniuses have reverted to their original states—high school science club weirdos pulling technological pranks. Reading a survey indicating that the majority of Americans believe in extraterrestrial beings, the scientists decide it would be neat to produce one just to see what the reaction would be.

A reborn Alan Arkin mimes for the think tank geniuses in *Simon*

Deftly satirizing every imaginable form of intellectual hubris.

Premise No. 2: An overly ambitious assistant professor of psychology (Alan Arkin) is afflicted with intellectual pretentiousness and a messianic complex. He is also an orphan, which means that it might be possible to convince him and everyone else that he was produced "like a toaster" on some other planet and brought to earth in a spaceship. The mad scientists put the hero in a water tank for days to take him back beyond the womb. They induce false but highly persuasive memories of his origins and, incidentally, provide Arkin with a tour de force mime sequence in which he acts out the old saw about ontogeny recapitulating phylogeny.

This is a complex base for comedy, but Writer-Director Marshall Brickman, making his first film after honorable service as Woody Allen's writing collaborator, brings it off. He blends accomplished directorial technique with writing that is slyly funny and acute in its social commentary. If, perhaps, the film lacks the punctuation that a big comic sequence would provide—something like the chase scene with the dictator's nose in Allen's *Sleeper*—it is consistently energetic, inventive and, above all, intelligent.

This is particularly so once Arkin's character gains access to the media and starts laying down the law to a civilization he believes decadent. His rhetoric is garbled biblical, but his program is eminently practical. He recommends a constitutional amendment banning Muzak and fines for people who talk about needing their own space. He also thinks it would be nice if politicians, when pontificating on TV, were forced to wear party hats so that viewers could keep their remarks in perspective. The message is simple: Ye shall know a civilization by its common customs, and if these are mostly absurd, then it is likely that the society's larger principles have gone awry as well. The modern world's institutionalized lunacies are, of course, symbolized by the lavishly subsidized think tank and the mischief it creates.

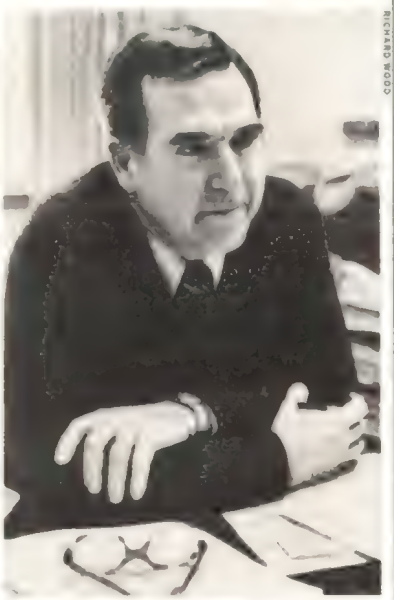
One cannot help admiring Brickman's comic discipline, his refusal to make heavyhanded attacks. He is a carom-shot artist, deft and soft-spoken, and an actor's director as well. Arkin comes closer than ever before to breaking through the reserve that sometimes straitjackets his unquestionable comic technique. Judy Graubart is winning as his realistic girlfriend. The guys at the lab —Austin Pendleton, William Finley, Wallace Shawn, Max Wright and Jayant —manage to satirize every imaginable form of intellectual hubris. Their cause is a worthy one, and so is their director's debut. — ***Richard Schickel***

The Ingelfinger Rule

Does it strangle the flow of medical news?

One article reports that a widely acclaimed ulcer drug called cimetidine is actually less effective than ordinary antacids in treating seriously ill patients suffering from gastrointestinal bleeding. Another presents evidence that the incidence of hepatitis A is greater than normal in homosexual men and is related to their sexual practices. These are just two of the articles in last week's *New England Journal of Medicine*, a weekly that has been making news practically from the time it was founded in 1812.

Many significant firsts in medicine have been revealed in the *Journal's* pages, including the use of ether for anesthesia during surgery (1846), and an operation to remove a ruptured disc from the spinal column (1934). So important are the literate, well-edited and often controversial articles that hardly a week goes by without some mention of the magazine in the press. Now the *Journal* itself has become news, a target for reporters who charge that its editorial policies delay the revelation of medical developments to the public.



RICHARD WOOD

Journal Editor Arnold Relman

Intimidating researchers on the way up?

Articles submitted to the *Journal* are routinely forwarded to at least two experts for review and comment and then discussed by the staff at a Thursday lunch, after which papers may be sent back to the authors for revisions and, often, rewriting. Says the *Journal's* editor, Dr. Arnold Relman: "The conclusions have to be not only warranted but also readable." So exacting is the process that only 10% to 15% of the 4,000 papers received each year are printed. No one objects to that meticulous procedure. In fact, it has helped make the *Journal* the world's foremost medical publication.

But there is another aspect of the magazine's editorial policy that is not so widely applauded. Under the direction of Dr. Franz Joseph Ingelfinger, the *Journal* began refusing to publish papers that had received substantial coverage elsewhere, in either the general or medical press. Dubbed the Ingelfinger Rule, the policy has been extended by Relman. It now forbids researchers submitting articles to give interviews on their findings to reporters before the articles are published in the *Journal*. This restriction applies even when the results have first been presented at medical meetings open to the general press. Relman argues that such a policy avoids misleading stories based on fragmentary and often preliminary data. Says he: "Until work has had peer review and has been published in full in a professional journal, it is half-baked." He insists that the policy also permits doctors to learn about new developments before their patients do and thereby be in a better position to answer anxious inquiries. But Relman admits that the rule is self-serving; it guarantees that the *Journal* will be the first to publish important medical news and thus be credited when the stories are repeated elsewhere.

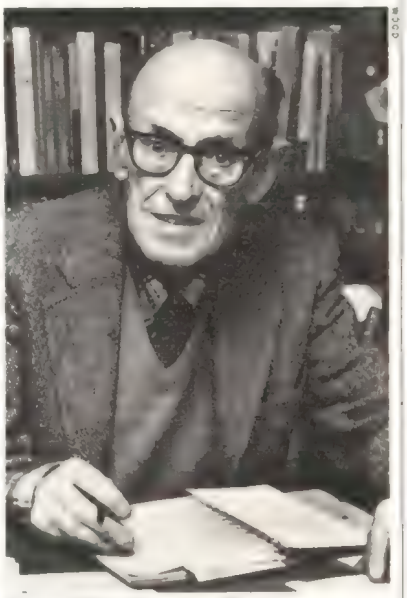
Reporters charge that Relman's policy has had a chilling effect on relations between the press and medical researchers; critics call it a throwback to the 19th century, when journals were the only source of medical news. Relman brushes these complaints aside. Says he: "We don't get any protests from either doctors or authors, so I really believe our position is supported by the great majority of scientists." But his detractors contend that medical scientists, especially those on the way up, are intimidated by the *Journal's* power. And it does have power. Notes Alexander Langmuir, former chief epidemiologist at the Center for Disease Control: "The *Journal* is probably the one place young physicians and researchers aspiring to an academic career would rather publish than anywhere else in the world. The people who are making the decisions about jobs and tenure are reading the *New England Journal.*"

Some examples of the rule's impact:

▸ Houston Oncologist Jordan Gutterman, upon arriving at a Manhattan medical conference last May to deliver a key paper about the effect of interferon on cancer, requested no press coverage of his talk. Reason: he hoped eventually to publish his findings in the *Journal*.

▸ A report by Allen Steere, a Yale University internist, giving the first full scientific details of a newly discovered tick-borne disease called Lyme arthritis, was rejected in 1976 by Ingelfinger. Reason: Steere's findings, presented at a scientific meeting, had been picked up by the New York *Times*, which expanded the material with an interview and printed a story. Properly chastened and again in the *Journal's* good graces, Steere now accepts reporters' inquiries only if they go through the Yale Medical School press office.

▸ A 1977 paper by Stanford Epidemiologist Ralph Paffenbarger, already accepted by the *Journal*, was yanked at the last moment by Relman. Reason: the paper, which indicated that vigorous exercise cuts down the incidence of heart attacks, was presented at an open meeting of the American Heart Association and was reported by the press.



WOOD

Retired Editor Franz Ingelfinger

Literate, controversial and newsworthy.

Last September reporters and editors from several medical publications met in Relman's Cambridge, Mass., offices to discuss the *Journal's* policies. Relman remained adamant, though all the other editors argued against his position. Says one of them, Dr. Edward Huth, editor of the *Annals of Internal Medicine:* "In an open society with open scientific meetings, with thousands of people from the profession attending, when a new development is announced in an oral paper, it immediately becomes potential news. The game that was played in the 19th century can't be played any more." ■

PONTIAC TAKES ON THE IMPORTS

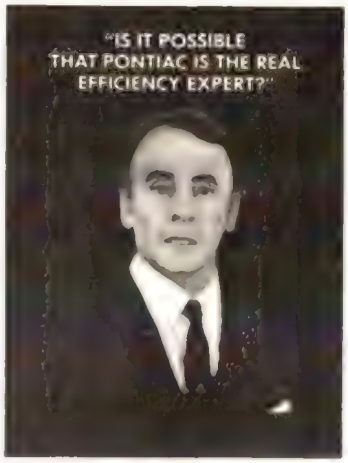
BONNEVILLE vs. AUDI 5000

To some people, Germany's Audi 5000 is a good example of a fuel-efficient five-passenger car.

Now look at how Pontiac's six-passenger Bonneville beats it. With room to spare.

BONNEVILLE OFFERS BETTER MILEAGE.

According to the fuel economy sticker the government requires on every new car sold in America, this luxurious Bonneville rates 18 *EPA EST. MPG*, while Audi 5000 rates 17 *EPA EST. MPG*. Remember: Compare the "estimated mpg" to the "estimated mpg" of other cars. You may get different mileage depending on how fast you drive, weather conditions and trip length. Audi mileage estimates the same in Calif. while Bonneville's are even higher. Pontiacs are equipped with GM-built engines produced by various divisions. See your dealer for details.



BONNEVILLE HAS LOWER ANNUAL FUEL COSTS.

According to that same government sticker, Bonneville saves you an estimated $53 in gas per year over Audi 5000. The EPA bases annual fuel costs on each car's estimated mpg for 15,000 miles at 90¢ per gallon. However, the annual fuel costs quoted here are based on a more realistic fuel price of $1.10 per gallon.

BONNEVILLE IS PRICED $3701 LESS.

According to the government required price sticker, Bonneville is priced at $6974, while Audi 5000 is priced at $10,675. This base car comparison of manufacturer suggested retail prices includes automatic transmission. Taxes, license, destination charges and available equipment additional. Destination charges vary by location and affect comparison. Level of standard equipment varies.

Add up what you save on estimated fuel costs and base price, and Bonneville wins by $3754. See your dealer.

GM

AND WINS BY $3754!

The Soft Watch and the Beady Eye

At Paris' Pompidou Center, a Salvador Dali retrospective

The Salvador Dali retrospective of 436 works from 1920 to the present day, which opened at Paris' Pompidou Center in December and will run until mid-April, is—one need not hold one's breath—a resounding popular success. The number of people who crowd into the show on the Beaubourg's top floor every day is between 8,000 and 12,000, a remarkable turnout for a live artist in a country whose public has never much liked modern art. Only Tut could pack them in like this. Culture votes with its feet, ratifying Dali's insight that in an age of mass communications, it is better to seem than to be: success, in effect, is the triumph of packaging over contents.

The poseur-painter at 75

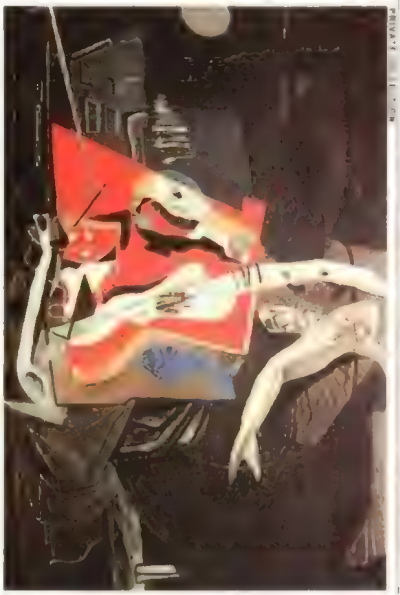
Dali's career has been very long. He is now 75, and almost all the works of art that make up his contribution to modernism, and on which his fame as a serious artist rests, were painted before his 35th birthday. In fact they were done in about seven years, from 1929 to 1936. Before, his work is all a pastiche of others. After 1937, it is mostly parody of himself.

In his best years, the Catalan promoter, with his mustache wax and lobster telephones and soft watches, his florid metaphorical chitchat and beady eye for the American jugular, finally managed to annihilate his earlier self—Mad Dog Sal, the insecure and ravenously aggressive young lounge lizard whose tiny, enameled visions helped create one of the extreme moments of dandyist revolt and modernist disgust. But today the only interesting thing about Dali is the obsessive grip of his pose. He has convinced a public that could hardly tell a Vermeer from a Velásquez that he is the spiritual heir to both painters. And he has done so, not through art but by the diffusion of small anecdotes. Everything is calculated, literally down to the last hair: even his mustache is lifted from Velásquez's portraits of Philip IV.

"The difference between a madman and me," Dali is often quoted as saying, "is that I am not mad." Indeed, he is not; and that is why the Pompidou Center is crowded. Dali's public hopes to meet a mind which fulfills its two ruling clichés about artists—the painter as old master (Raphael, Rubens) and the artist as freak (Van Gogh, Rimbaud). Dali gives his public a tacky, vivid caricature of both while fulfilling neither. No modern painter has armored himself more assiduously in mediocrity.

Partial Hallucination: Six Images of Lenin on a Piano, 1931

For Mad Dog Sal's enameled vision of anguish and alienation, culture votes with its feet.



Early cubism: *Moonlit Still Life*, 1927

Right from the start, Dali was a glacial opportunist with weak powers of formal invention. He was also precocious and adroit, and so, as one might expect, his early work is an anthology of secondhand manners. He begins as a late-Picasso cubist, turning out bland art deco still lifes that contain a few premonitions of his later imagery; the lank, droopy fish in *Moonlit Still Life*, 1927, for example, predicts the flaccidity that was to appear in his soft watches and piano lids. But he did not find a style until he came to Paris and met the surrealists.

Nothing could be farther from the truth than the popular idea that Dali "invented" surrealism, and this exhibition shows why. One sees him gobbling up his prototypes from other artists in the surrealist orbit: Tanguy's limp biomorphic shapes, bits from Max Ernst's *Histoire Naturelle*, sand painting and collage from Picasso and Masson, Miró's swarming bugs and beasts, and, above all, the plunging distances, sharp perspectives, incongruous objects and frozen clarity of Giorgio de Chirico's pre-1918 *pittura metafisica*.

Every young painter learns by imitation. But when reading the unction that the Paris show catalogue pours on Dali's receptive head—he "incarnates surrealism, definitively and in the most noble way, by assimilating surrealist painting to the aristocratic passage of time"—one should remember that he was not among the founders of surrealism. Yet his role in the movement was very distinctive

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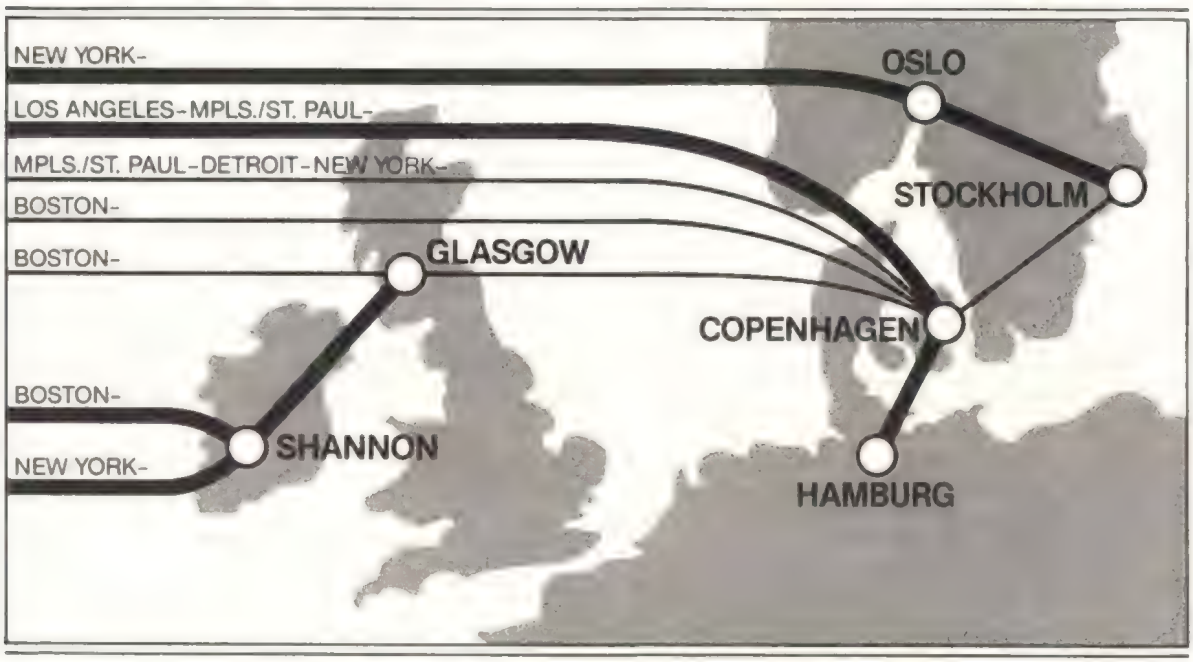

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The roomier ride

NORTHWEST ORIENT

Art

Dali's contribution lay almost as much in his precise technique as in his images. To compel belief in the fantastic and give it the uncanny, apparitional quality he prized as a subversion of normal vision, Dali resorted to a miniaturist's approach: every square millimeter of the licked surface witnessed his desire to render painting transparent, to get rid of everything that intervened between image and decoding. His best work is little short of dream photography. At times, as in *Six Images of Lenin on a Piano*, 1931, it can still generate an extraordinary sense of silence, alienation and anguish.

To describe one's obsessions in detail may be interesting, if the obsessions are. For a time Dali's were, partly because they were so demented an intrusion of narcissism into the domain of art. George Orwell once said that Dali had (or pretended to have) as good an outfit of perversions as anyone could hope to acquire, but today they seem less shocking. Nevertheless his 1942 autobiography, *The Secret Life of Salvador Dali*, is a confessional masterpiece; not all the stories he tells about himself may be true, but they are projected with such absorption as to lend the book the lurid, vignette-like conviction that was already disappearing from his paintings. The central image of his work, his love of anything flaccid —Camembert cheese, art nouveau, melting-wax pelvises—has to do with impotence. With it comes an interest in death, putrefaction, dung and onanism that is filtered through a gaudy parody of Catholic devotional art: the rolling eyeballs, anguished faces and irritable color are part of Dali's Spanish heritage.

Like a gland inflamed by constant scratching, Dali's mind threw off many of these images before they ossified into a repertoire. At what point did the dream images become repetitive? When the public began to recognize and demand them. Perhaps no painter has ever suffered more anxiety about making money after he became rich, and it was Dali's insecurity that stopped his talent from working, except on the most gratuitous level of publicity mongering, after 1940.

"What interests me about you," Freud is said to have told Dali, "is not your unconscious mind, but your conscious." He was right; not only did the pores of Dali's invention stop oozing about 40 years ago, but the repetition of his stock in trade (the nudes with drawers and lip sofas, burning giraffes and lanky, deliquescent women, the double-image paintings of landscape becoming figure in the manner of 16th century puzzle pictures) became a bore. Of his latest work, with its grand claims to incarnate everything from the secrets of the DNA molecule to Heisenberg's Principle of Uncertainty, the less said the better. If these big, greasily executed machines show anything, it is that Dali's talent was not, after all, a renewable resource. — *Robert Hughes*

Devastated forest near site of great Siberian explosion in 1908

Science

Fireball over Siberia: 1908

Have the Soviets demystified the big blast that leveled a forest?

An alien spacecraft that exploded while trying to land on earth. A hit by a stray bit of antimatter, or a speeding mini-black hole, or the head of a comet. These are some of the fanciful theories offered over the years to explain the fireball in the sky and the giant explosion that devastated a remote region of Siberia on June 30, 1908, leveling trees for miles around, knocking over huts, stampeding reindeer and creating an enormous shock wave detected around the world.

Now Soviet scientists are reviving a more down-to-earth explanation. After six years of investigation, researchers at the Institute of Geochemistry and Mineral Physics in Kiev have concluded that the blast was caused by something less exotic: a meteorite. Many scientists in the past refused to accept the meteorite theory because there is no trace of any impact crater at the center of the destruction, in the isolated Tunguska area, about 950 km (590 miles) north of Irkutsk.

The Soviets have some convincing evidence for their claim. Using special high-temperature ovens, they incinerated peat collected from the region. In the ashes they found many strange, irregularly shaped and extremely hard black grains, which laboratory examination revealed to be tiny diamonds. Institute Geochemist Emil Sobotovich explained that the little diamonds could only have been created under extraordinarily high pressures. Such conditions deep within the earth produce diamonds, which are brought to the surface in eruptions of molten magma through kimberlite, or volcanic, pipes. But extreme pressures also occur during high-velocity collisions between celestial objects; uralites, a class of meteorites that presumably have been involved in such deep-space impacts, contain such tiny diamonds. Since no volcanic pipes have been identified in the Tunguska area, Sobotovich concluded that the Siberian diamonds were formed far from the earth.

As added evidence that the diamonds arrived in a meteorite, Sobotovich cited their level of carbon 14, a radioactive isotope of carbon found in meteorites that have been subjected to prolonged bombardment by cosmic rays in space. University of Chicago Geochemist Edward Anders cautions that even a trace of unburnt peat could produce a high reading of carbon 14. But, based on these levels, the Soviets calculate that the meteorite must have weighed at least 4,000 tons.

Then why did it not leave a crater? Anders explains that if the meteorite was of the stony type, rather than one made up mostly of iron, it could not have withstood the enormous forces created by its fiery plunge through the atmosphere. It would have exploded before impact, scattering particles over a wide region. The explosion would have produced a fireball and intense shock waves that battered everything on the ground below. Where did the meteorite originate? Slovak Astronomer Lubar Krésak has suggested that it was a chunk of Comet Encke, a periodic visitor to the earth's vicinity that is also the probable source of an annual meteor shower in late June—the time of the Tunguska event.

If the Soviets are correct about the Siberian blast, they may be rewarded for their discovery. Because diamonds make up 1% to 2% of uralites, some 40 to 80 tons of these gems, which can be put to use in grinders, cutters and drill bits, should be scattered throughout the Tunguska area ready for the picking. ■

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Private Relations, Public Parts

SEX IN HISTORY *by Reay Tannahill; Stein & Day; 480 pages; $17.95*

The human animal is goaded by twin appetites so similar that they serve as metaphors for each other—as food writers and Freudians are well aware. Reay Tannahill, a worldly and well-informed Scotswoman, has explored what recorded history tells about both, following *Food in History* (1973) with this levelheaded history of sex, drawn from sources as various as genetics, architecture, sociology, religion and etymology. As she tells it, the explosive word has a dual connotation: what people do with their private parts, and a 10,000-year-old injustice to women.

In the hunting-gathering society that flourished before the dawn of history, she argues, man and woman were equal. Then, some time during the neolithic revolution, man realized that semen made babies. The consequence: women were reduced in stature and left uneducated, housebound, perpetually pregnant.

Though chattels, women in polygamous Asia were better off than their sisters in the monogamous West because of the nature of the Tao and Tantric religions, which saw sex as an expression of a larger cosmic harmony. When a Chinese husband had intercourse with at least ten of his numerous wives and concubines in a night, it was less to prove his manhood than to receive an abundance of their precious *yin* essence.

Not so in the West, says Tannahill. There the philoprogenitive Hebrews decreed that intercourse was for sons, not pleasure. Adulteresses were stoned to death, prostitution was an abomination, homosexuality a capital offense. When Christianity augmented a religious legacy with the personal revulsion of the early church fathers against their own licentious youths, everything to do with sex became a sin, save procreation —a view still echoed in parts of the Muslim world.

As *Sex in History* shows, prostitution began as a liberation from matrimony. In Greece and China the great courtesans offered little sex but plenty of intelligent conversation, music, dancing and banquets. In lustful Europe matters and manners were a bit different. Thomas Aquinas admitted the value of prostitutes: without them, he said, homosexuality would engulf society. By the 19th century, wives came to be viewed as creatures far too delicate for the hurly-burly of the bedroom, and their husbands often spent their "brutish passions" elsewhere. In 1866 one bishop complained that there were as many whores as Methodists in New York City.

Such morsels fill Tannahill's lively but never prurient history. She traces the roots of contraception, the long battle against venereal diseases and the attitudes that surround them, the changing mores of the West and the sometimes prudish Third World. She seems to have examined every sexual arena from the Garden of Eden to the harems of Asia and the Middle East to the screens of Hollywood, a place she says that "most consistently, conscientiously and stylishly sustained the image of marriage as woman's natural goal." She tracks down the sources of the Top 40 love songs back through the troubadours to the Arabs, describes the correct way for concubines to enter their sultan's

Excerpt

"Roman women and Roman men must have been equally difficult to live with. The emancipated woman of early imperial Rome had much in common with the more competitive type of feminist today—a peremptory mind, a domineering manner, and a wholehearted contempt for moderation. Socially, her husband was just as hard to take, selfish to a marked degree, intellectually finicky, prone to moralize, lacking in imagination. . . . Husbands and wives, in effect, were no more compatible than they had ever been, but because there were more women of positive character in Rome than anywhere else in the ancient world, the sound of mismatched personalities grating was painfully audible."

Clockwise from top left: "Venus," c. 28,000 B.C.; medieval Eden; Ming Dynasty brothel; Valentino as lover; Paris bordello, 1910; Babylonian prostitute, 8th century B.C.

bed (from the bottom, wriggling up like an eel), and recounts the multiple ironies of feminine independence in the 20th century. Observed G.K. Chesterton: "Twenty million young women rose to their feet with the cry, 'We will not be dictated to,' and promptly became stenographers."

Although Tannahill writes with what appears to be a feminist sensibility, she never indulges in special pleading. Despite the claims of the Sisterhood, she shows that women's history has not been one of unrelieved oppression. Even in Babylonia, she notes, females had a heady choice of employment; Roman women seem to have been respected and sometimes feared; even in Christian Europe there were those besides Eleanor of Aquitaine and Joan of Arc who had life on their own terms. (The surprise bestseller *Montaillou*, a firsthand record of the life of a heretical medieval French village, is vivid evidence that feisty, autonomous women existed in unlikely times and unexpected places.)

The author even concludes that the aggressive overstatements of the women's liberation movement helped to provoke the pornography and overt homosexuality of the '70s, an argument as questionable as the one claiming women were doormats for 10,000 years until freed by the Pill. Never mind. *Sex in History* may be overfond of overstatement, and its survey is wider than it is deep; certainly it fails to give enough space to Freud and the convulsions in sexual psychology that followed him. Still, the book is the most complete of its kind ever written. It is diligent, provocative and fascinating—from *fascinum*, a word sometimes used by the Romans, Tannahill cannot help observe, to mean phallus. — ***Eve Auchincloss***

Reay Tannahill

Women's history is not all repression.

Brain in Spain

THE ELDORADO NETWORK
by Derek Robinson
Norton; 409 pages; $12.50

Exam question: What does Spain produce? Well, brave bulls, rough red wine, the only true sherry, paellas, painters, poets, playwrights, flamenco dancers, gypsies, guitarists, terrorists, royalists, fascists. That answer rates 9.5 on the bromide scale. The most spectacular product of Spain, in fact, is and always has been the manic-romantic, the legion of *brillants* who have ranged from the old salt who convinced the Spanish that he had discovered a passage to India to the faded "conquistador" who tilted at windmills. Not quite in their league, but certainly in the milieu, is Luis Cabrillo, a young disenchanted adventurer who has been kicked out of 23 schools and almost as many jobs. But the semifictional Luis owns one of the best brains in Spain. In *The Eldorado Network*, the fourth novel by English Author Derek Robinson, Luis becomes a spy for the Germans in World War II, supposedly reporting to his masters from all-but-defeated Britain.

Luis gets his professional start as a driver for three foreign correspondents during the Spanish Civil War, quickly learning the arts of duplicitous reporting. Then he stumbles onto a small fortune in bank notes that have been salvaged from bombed Guernica. Postponing his career in intelligence, he meanders around Spain for most of a year on a donkey named Fred—after Astaire because of its jug ears—and later holes up in Madrid for two years until the cash runs out. It is then that he goes to work for the Abwehr. The Germans like Luis mainly because he speaks English volubly and can make change from ten bob for a threepenny Cadbury's bar. He became fluent in that twisting tongue in order to get his money's worth out of American movies, for which the Spanish subtitle might read "Be gone!" while the sound track said, "I'll kick your teeth past your tonsils." Luis earns the Nazis' trust and the Iron Cross with his prescient reports on British planning. In time, Eldorado (Luis' code name) acquires an imaginary network of agents, all handsomely remunerated by German intelligence, which pours their pay into Cabrillo's Lisbon bank account. The cash from Berlin flows and grows. And Cabrillo never gets closer to England than Oporto.

Superspy Luis winds up working as a double-agent for the Brits, brilliantly predicting from Portugal an Allied invasion of Greece, when the Big One was of course scheduled for North Africa. Despite the deception, the Abwehr concludes that the Cabrillo cabal had spotted every diversionary clue and was blameless.

Derek Robinson

In real life, the code name was Arabel.

Confidence in Cabrillo's chance of survival is not so easily maintained. Slaving in his office, Eldorado becomes obsessed with his imaginary network. Derived from guidebooks and railway timetables, the false messages flow to Madrid and thence to Berlin with "authentic" reports on everything from British research on light alloys to homosexuality in the submarine service. Luis comes closer and closer to a Mauser slug in the chest. In real life, and most fiction, he would be cheaply expendable. Here he is not, because the rise of Luis from Franco's Most Wanted list to *nouveau* millionaire is too good to end abruptly, not least because his life is joined by Juliet Francis Conroy, a Los Angelena of equally dubious creditability. The American is beautiful and wry, a one-woman survival kit who leads him on to yet another plot . . .

For publishers and reviewers, *Eldorado* falls into the limbo of espionage-thriller-mystery books. A pity, for the story of Luis Cabrillo deserves consideration both as serious fiction and quasi history. As the author acknowledges, Luis is based on a real-life Spaniard code-named Arabel, who blithely invented espionage in Lisbon for the Germans and worked legitimately for the British during the war. Robinson, 48, a Cantabrigian who lives in a Surrey village Wodehousefully named Chipping Sodbury, worked for eight years as a Madison Avenue copywriter to finance his career as a novelist. The experience appears to have sharpened his sense of irony. He writes lyrically of the terrain of Spain, of the "vast and seamless tent" of sky above Madrid. Like his hero, who never set foot in England, Robinson has never even seen Madrid. — ***Michael Demarest***

Rabbit Run

A British book gets a fast start

Last week the London office of Jonathan Cape, publishers, received an urgent cable: PLEASE CONFIRM HARE OFF THE LIZARD IN CORNWALL, ENGLAND, AT LATITUDE 50 DEGREES NORTH, LONGITUDE 5 DEGREES WEST.

It was not the customary fan mail for a children's book, but then, *Masquerade* is not the ordinary children's book. Since publication last September, the 32-page volume has sold more than 260,000 copies, a huge sale for Britain. French and Japanese editions are under way, an American edition is currently being negotiated and there has even been talk of an operatic version. Last week in Britain, *Masquerade* was first on the children's bestseller list and sixth on the adult. In four months, Author Kit Williams has risen from unsung painter to celebrity, and his book has replaced Scrabble as a family preoccupation.

This sudden popularity is partly due to the Britons' traditional interest in Lagomorpha, from the March Hare in *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* to the whole cast of *Watership Down*. It may also be attributed to the book's Botticelliesque illustrations in which natural laws are suspended and the floating vistas of childhood are suffused with magic realism. But in the main, *Masquerade's* phenomenal rise can be credited to that basic human characteristic: greed.

Within his text and pictures, Williams, 33, has secreted the location of a glittering jeweled pendant in the shape of Jack Hare, the book's central character. In *Masquerade*, the leaping hero takes a message from the moon to her beloved, the sun. For readers, the rabbit's message is a bit earthier: Williams fashioned the pendant of 18-karat gold. When he hid it last year, the hare was

Jack Hare, the light-footed messenger

Locked in paintings and hidden in riddles.

Kit Williams' painted puzzle

worth $10,000. Today it has doubled in value. "When I used to read stories about pirates, the pieces of eight became real gold buried in the ground," recalls Williams. "It was the child I once was that now demanded the pendant of my story be made of real gold and buried in the real ground."

But where is it buried? Clues are distributed throughout, locked in paintings and hidden in riddles.

Some are easy to solve:

What is nothing on its outside,
And nothing on its inside,
Is lighter than a feather,
But ten men cannot pick it up?

Answer: A bubble. But what about:

Fifty is my first,
Nothing is my second,
Five just makes my third,
My fourth a vowel is reckoned,

Now to find my name,
Fit my parts together,
I die if I get cold,
But never fear cold weather.

In pursuit of their quarry, British code breakers have trespassed in rose gardens, climbed the cliffs of Cornwall and tried to ransack public buildings in search of the treasure. All have failed. So far, the only one to receive a reward is Kit Williams. His royalties may reach $500,000 by year's end, and his paintings are ever more eagerly sought: at the most recent show all 21 of Williams' paintings were sold for over $8,000 each; the 16 illustrations for *Masquerade* went at about $9,000 each. Now at work on a new children's book ("It's about bees —with no buried gold"), Williams still paints and writes in a tiny Gloucestershire cottage and ponders the day when the treasure is finally run to ground: "In 20 years, I hope." By then, if the royalties continue unabated, the author should be wealthy beyond avarice. If the morning price fixings on gold continue their jackrabbit jumps, so should the finder. ■

Milestones

DIED. August Sebastiani, 66, head of one of California's largest family-owned wineries; of cancer; in Sonoma, Calif. An informal patriarch who preferred the outdoors and overalls to office life, he took over the modest business founded by his Italian immigrant father in 1944 and greatly expanded production to include 24 wines ranging from "jug" types to premium varietals. When the U.S. wine industry started to boom in the '70s, other vinicultural pioneers began cashing in their holdings; not Sebastiani. Said he: "I would as soon sell my children as my vineyard."

DIED. Graham Sutherland, 76, English artist; of cancer; in London. Sutherland described his tortured landscapes, which blended traditional English romanticism with nightmarish surrealism, as attempts to "paraphrase the intellectual and emotional essence of reality." Although a rendering of Sir Winston Churchill at 80 was publicly reviled by its subject ("It makes me look half-witted, which I ain't"), it was Sutherland's portraits of W. Somerset Maugham, Helena Rubinstein and other notables that brought him his greatest fame.

DIED. Chester H. Lauck, 78, co-star with Norris Goff of the *Lum and Abner* radio series, which dealt with the comic doings of a pair of country storekeepers in Pine Ridge, Ark., and during its long run (1931-55) won a nationwide audience that was second in size only to *Amos and Andy*; of cancer; in Hot Springs, Ark.

DIED. Joseph Banks Rhine, 84, father of experimental parapsychology in America and coiner of the term extrasensory perception; in Hillsborough, N.C. Fascinated by psychic phenomena after hearing a 1922 lecture on the subject by Sherlock Holmes Creator Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Rhine later helped establish one of the nation's first parapsychology laboratories, at Duke University. His 1934 book, *Extra-Sensory Perception*, documented laboratory-controlled demonstrations of clairvoyance and telepathy and made ESP a household term.

DIED. Oskar Kokoschka, 93, Austrian-born expressionist; in Villeneuve, Switzerland. In his 20s the fiery, eccentric Kokoschka painted some of the great portraits of the century, which explored the recesses of the psyche, even as his compatriot Freud was probing it. With Kirchner, Nolde and Max Beckmann, among others, he was a founder of the style of radical figurative art known as German expressionism. After World War I he turned to bright cityscapes, and during his last years in Switzerland, to Alpine landscapes.

DIED. Alice Roosevelt Longworth, 96, T.R.'s irreverent eldest daughter and tart-tongued "princess" of Potomac society; in Washington, D.C. (*see* NATION).

Time Essay

The Fall and Rise of U.S. Frugality

Deep in his recent State of the Union speech, which was mostly devoted to world affairs, the President inserted a two-word sentence of great domestic import: "Eliminate waste." It is likely that a good many Americans reacted to this presidential plea for conservation, as they would to any other, with a silent question: Who—me? Such bewilderment is understandable. The truth is that during the nation's rush to mid-century prosperity the notion of individual frugality practically went out of business. "Prodigality is the spirit of the era," Social Critic Vance Packard declared in *The Waste Makers* 20 years ago. There has been no reason since to change that judgment. "Waste not, want not" has persisted only as a saying, and most people have fallen out of the habit of taking it personally.

The good news is that thanks to the bad news of the energy crisis and sky-high prices, the prevalent habit of mindless waste may be in the early stages of a reversal. At least some Americans are beginning to pay attention to small savings that were regarded as inconsequential only yesterday. A new scrimpy spirit is most noticeable in direct efforts to conserve gas and other fuels, but it is also emerging in the other routine logistics of daily living.

People are leaning more and more to high-mileage cars. Drivers of all types of autos have begun catching on to the knack of cutting off the engine during long waits. Quite a few Americans have taken to walking or biking on shorter trips, and not just for the exercise. Householders have conspicuously started applying common sense as well as insulation to cut down on heat waste. Why not, it might be asked, with heating oil prices almost coercive?

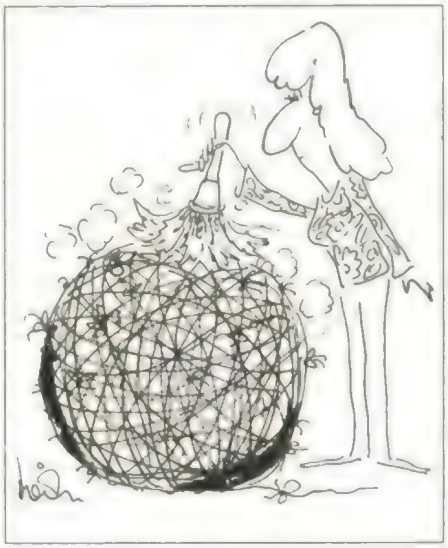

Illustration for TIME by Arnie Levin

Still, a mix of motives—the atmosphere of crisis as well as financial reasons—underlies the new spirit. More people are scheduling meatless meals. Some are raising vegetables for reasons other than taste. Solid citizens have taken to buying used clothing, and garage and tag sales are chic in many neighborhoods. Families are also turning to secondhand markets for things like bikes and lawnmowers. The oldtime comforter is replacing the electric blanket in some bedrooms. In certain areas people are taking more shoes to shops for repair; in others, the business of mending goods like handbags, belts and golf bags is up.

The do-it-yourself trend in carpentry, plumbing, electrical work and auto repair is winning ever more converts. People seem increasingly willing to channel the refuse of daily existence —cans, bottles, newspapers—into recycling systems. Some restaurants report more calls for doggie bags for taking home leftovers. A few garbage collectors complain about a decrease in good recyclable items in the trash. Observers report an increase in the number of otherwise genteel people scouting curbside junk heaps for usable stuff such as carpets and furniture. Many people, it is said, are even learning to turn out lights when they are not in use.

Such signs of thrift and prudence have been popping up all over the country, but they have been closely monitored in California. There, in surveys and follow-ups, Stanford University Researchers Dorothy Leonard-Barton and Everett M. Rogers have been trying to get a fix on how Americans are voluntarily adjusting to the prospect of dwindling resources and limited buying power. Concludes Rogers: "It is possible that while our Federal Government talks a lot about conservation, we are seeing people voluntarily doing a great deal of frugal living. It's possible that these people represent a prototype for many Americans for tomorrow."

What is certain is that the people turning frugal today are returning to a prototype that was quite typical in the U.S. not so long ago. Indeed, most Americans once practiced frugality as though it were instinctive, or even religious. It may be well to recall those days for more than nostalgic reasons: they also offer proof that the country has a capability that it could need again if times get truly hard. Moreover, the old ways may even come as an amazement to younger Americans who grew up during the virtually invulnerable affluence that followed World War II.

Before that war, although the word recycling was seldom if ever heard, Americans individually recycled food, clothing and other civilized artifacts so assiduously that what was left could truly be called garbage and trash. Perishables and manufactured stuff alike were subjected to use, reuse and then, by transformation and mending, to yet more use. Food especially got treated as though there would never be quite enough. One day's chicken became next day's hash, and yesterday's leftover vegetable wound up with the bones and gristle in soups and stews. Stale bread got crushed into cooking crumbs, and egg shells were often used to settle the grounds in boiled coffee.

"Waste not" was more than a motto; it was law. Torn stockings wound up not in the trash but in the sewing basket. Trivial slivers of soap were collected in little wire cages that could be swished through sink water to produce suds for dishwashing. Frayed shirt collars got turned and, when the garment became hopeless on the second go-round, the buttons were salvaged and the fabric was channeled into a rag bag, whence it might emerge as a dish cloth, a shoe wiper, a hand towel. Or it might wind up, along with parts of old skirts, dresses, blouses, pajamas and neckties, as part of a patchwork quilt or a rag rug.

Paper of all varieties was hoarded for reuse as though it were as valuable as fabric. Tissue went into a gift-wrapping kit. Waxy bread packaging became wrappers for school lunches. Brown paper was smoothed and folded for the day on which something had to go out by parcel post. Old newspapers served multiple purposes: they started fires, insulated cots and walls and, cut into convenient squares, assisted in personal hygiene. To want not was to salvage even the straight pins that fastened new garments into neat folds. And it was also to maintain bins, boxes and cans as storage vaults for old screws, nails, bolts, rubber bands, paper clips, thumbtacks and—well, name it. In those days every sort of container was coveted, with cigar boxes especially prized by children as chests for personal treasures that did not often fill up entire rooms.

It would be false to suggest that Americans have been unanimously thrifty in all earlier times. The settlement of the conti-

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Essay

nent, as history teaches, was accompanied by a squandering of natural resources and wildlife on a tragic scale. By the ripening end of the 19th century, Thorstein Veblen could chart, in *The Theory of the Leisure Class*, the "conspicuous consumption" and "conspicuous waste" that had become the crass proof of status among the very well off. Still, most Americans were not in that privileged class. In fact, they still had the hang of their frugal daily ways when these became indispensable during the lean years of the Great Depression. World War II ended the Depression, of course, and also became the occasion—with everybody saving everything including tinfoil and kitchen fat for the war effort—of the last great popular conserving binge the nation has known.

Then, suddenly, old-fashioned frugality was out of style. What happened? The answer is that the consumer society got born, the fruit of the nation's determination to extend and expand the economic successes that war production had achieved. Growing production and high employment were the aims, and high and growing consumption was indispensable to the formula. Thrift survived in the moral code, but both commercial and political leaders urged people not to save what they had but to get more of what was available. In a business dip of the late 1950s, somebody asked President Eisenhower what citizens could do to help the situation. Ike's terse reply: "Buy anything." Americans, by and large, became used to doing just that.

The consumer society's success in achieving abundance was stunning, but not all of the costs showed up on the ledger sheets. One of them that did not was the spirit of frugality. It was overwhelmed partly by a public atmosphere that construed consumption as almost a patriotic duty. It was, as well, violently broken down by the coming of a cornucopia of goods, from plates and cups to razors and lighters, that were made of synthetics and were designed to be used briefly and thrown away. The whole way of doing business soon produced what Futurist Alvin Toffler called a "throw-away mentality."

Now, at last, the success of the consumer economy, as well as its excess, has brought the country right back to the need for individual frugality. It may be that Americans will never again find it necessary, or even feasible, to save slivers of soap and the straight pins out of shirts. Still, the need to curtail waste seems to be homing in again. It is consoling to know that the spirit is there, needing only reawakening by the irresistible force of necessity.

— ***Frank Trippett***

Theater

Brooklyn Bets on Rep

THE WINTER'S TALE *by William Shakespeare*

The Brooklyn Academy of Music has posted an "Under New Management" sign. David Jones, an associate director of the Royal Shakespeare Company for 14 years, begins his first season as artistic director with a newly assembled resident company. BAM will rotate plays in true repertory.

The Winter's Tale will be followed by four more productions between now and the end of the year. The second entry, also opening this month, is *Johnny on a Spot* by Charles MacArthur, who is most famous for collaborating with Ben Hecht on *The Front Page*. *Johnny*, originally produced in 1942, focuses on a Southern Governor running for Senator. A satirical comedy about the scalawags infesting the U.S. political landscape, *Johnny* sounds certain amusing chords of contemporaneity. It features a born-again Christian and the possibility of faking a gas shortage.

Murray and Maraden in BAM production of *The Winter's Tale*

A tragedy that does not purge and a comedy verging on farce.

In April the U.S. première of Maxim Gorky's *Barbarians* follows, as adapted by Playwright Michael Weller (*Moonchildren* and the film version of *Hair*). This is a drama about the in-depth cost of industrial progress. A sociocultural clash occurs when a group of engineers building a railroad invades a sleepy provincial Russian town at the turn of the century. Next comes a prescient feminist play called *He and She*, which Rachel Crothers wrote in 1911.

The season concludes with *The Marriage Dance: An Evening of Farce by Brecht and Feydeau*. Brecht's *The Wedding* centers on a disastrous nuptial banquet, and *The Purging*, from the grand master of French farce, Georges Feydeau, is an antic confection involving a troubled marriage, a lucrative business proposition and a constipated child.

The most mystifying choice of the BAM season is the very first. *The Winter's Tale* is late (1610-11) and, to all but cultists and Bardolaters, lesser Shakespeare. As tragedy it does not purge, and as comedy it verges on farce. The fairy-tale elements merely compound the oddity of the mixture. In words from the play, the language seems to "jog on, jog on" rather than taking lyric wing.

But the chief problem is the arbitrary action of the drama; it springs from a motivational void. Leontes (Brian Murray), King of Sicilia, begs his wife Hermione (Marti Maraden) to plead with his lifelong friend Polixenes (Norman Snow), King of Bohemia, to extend his stay at their castle. With gracious words and enticing looks, she does so, though she acts no chummier with Polixenes than many wives do with other men at cocktail parties.

Nevertheless, Leontes goes into a state of apoplectic jealousy, convinced that his wife's advanced pregnancy is proof that she and his friend are adulterous lovers. The soon-born infant, Perdita, is deposited on a remote coast. Hermione is condemned to death. The sudden death of Leontes' young son desolates him.

BAM subscribers may be comforted to learn that the passage of 16 years heals these wounds and provides happy endings all around. The grown Perdita (Christine Estabrook) marries Polixenes' son Florizel (Boyd Gaines). The two Kings are reconciled, and Leontes discovers Hermione alive.

Ensemble work is not the cast's forte at the moment, but the talent and the will are there. BAM has embarked on an enterprise of high promise and potentially rich rewards.

— ***T.E. Kalem***

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